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SEPTEMBER 1975

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

59



Maclean's

Margaret Atwood on Marie-Claire Blais
Gordon Sinclair on Gordon Sinclair



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Cover: Photograph of John Wayne. Book: MacKenzie Miller. Photos: Balthus on page 8 and 55 by Paul Jones. On pages 74 and 84 by Joe Lee, and on page 8 by David Foster. Photograph on page 74 by Brian Rhee, and on page 80 by Anne Woodman. To receive MACLEAN'S regularly: see subscription rates on page 14.

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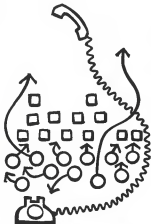
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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

Peter C. Newman
The
Canadian
Establishment



Peter C. Newman spent a dozen years in Ottawa, for Maclean's and the Toronto Star, trying to understand political power, all the while believing it to be the power that lurks in the shadows. Six years ago, at about the time he was returning to Toronto to become editor-in-chief of the Star, he began to realize there was a whole other power Establishment in Canada, "consisting of a surprisingly compact, self-perpetuating group who sat at a kind of informal table, linked much more closely to each other than to their country."

So he began his search for the invisible rich — "the visible rich aren't really the most powerful people" — and for the ways they obtain resources and appoint authority. It became a full-time preoccupation which carried on after he became editor of Maclean's four years ago. In recent months, during the writing stage of the first volume of *The Canadian Establishment* (McClelland and Stewart) to be published this fall, he regularly rose at 4 a.m. and worked on the book, and the rest of the magazine's staff retired.

Newman discovered that the real power in Canada was in the hands of about 1,000 people. At the top of the top stood Lord Strathairn, the "Argus man" McDiarmid (*The Prince*, page 19), the man who ran Argus Corporation. Of the 600-plus interviews Newman conducted in preparing *The Canadian Establishment*, about 100 directly involved that McDiarmid. Newman knew that McDiarmid did not maintain the press, and that his preeminence in Canadian journalism didn't count for that much in McDiarmid's house. So he began to query those who knew McDiarmid, and dug all around the man. It became, he says, like a detective story, with a plot that included anonymous phone calls ("I hear you're interested in Bud"), with providing some new snippets of information. Newman hoped that at least some of the people he talked to would tell McDiarmid what he was about — in fact he expected it — and that eventually McDiarmid himself would decide to questioning. "In the end I called him for an interview and he agreed to meet me. He knew what I knew."

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MISTER STEWART GOES TO WASHINGTON

By Walter Stewart

We wheeled the car out of Cooper Square and south along the driveway, leaving the White House, and the carefully tended flower gardens of the National Capital Commission, past the even-more-carefully tended bureaucrats, marching men-at-arms to work after the lunch break, past couples dispersing themselves on the grassward, and young mothers relieving their kids out for sunbath and compliments, just, in a word, the normal panorama of central Ottawa on a summer's day. My wife said, "Let's not go." A foolish lady, but she's wrong. We were leaving Ottawa after 12 years, and heading for Washington. We had lived here for eight years, and spent a week out of every month here for four years, and now it was over, and I said: "Ah, hell!"

I was surprised at myself. Canada's capital has always been a casual place. Transport Minister Jean Marchand's line that "The worst thing about Ottawa is the train to Montreal" has become an unofficial city motto, and nothing about the place — its lack of class, good restaurants, sense of history and all the neat things you find in Washington and London and Paris — has become a pusher not only for its citizens but for Canadians everywhere.

Well, aside to them Ottawa is not only a superior city, it may even be a model from which other cities can learn. It strikes the heart of a modern setting — as opposed to, say, Vancouver, which wishes the world a magnificent setting, or San Francisco, which wishes it its place background like an actor where it is loved — and it has all the amenities most people require. On Saturdays, my kids used to walk to the National Museum for free movies, and get lined into culture despite themselves, as they went to the National Art Gallery, or the National Art Centre. Well, in Ottawa, you can get improved just by walking around looking for something to do. You can skate on the canal in winter and canoe in summer; you can ride a bike on protected pathways, or walk, or visit the up-to-date houses in the wake of the tourists to watch the changing of the guard as Parliament Hill is a very classy thing to do, it is also economically satisfying. Or you can sit at home and revel in the thought that you are not likely to be robbed, raped, mugged or murdered here, as you are in those other swell places: Washington and London and Paris.

The city owes some advantage to its role as national capital. It has a lot of money. In these unusual monetary times, Ottawa never has Canada's highest per capita income, but often tops family incomes because the civil service provides work for wives, owners, assets. It has a special position to maintain, and that means funds from federal coffers for buildings and bridges and monuments are available to less fortunate folk. It has almost despite itself, some sense of history. In the margin that two Byrnes, Mother McDermid said whiskey by the port glass, and overcame bloody battles between the French and Irish, d'Arcy McGee was murdered here, a nation was built here, after its first row fraying in Charlottetown and Quebec and London, and all our national figures have and this city as a stage, from crazy Louis Riel



to crazy Pierre Trudeau, from John Diefenbaker to John Diefenbaker, from R. B. Bennett of the iron lung and burning house to Mackenzie King of the high voice and low cunning. History leaves a mark, you can't escape it, and behind story fences and dramatic plaques Ottawa is constantly welcoming her story into the ear of anyone with a will to listen.

There are the perks of a capital, a living museum. But Ottawa has its own advantages too, chief among them the fact that it is the ideal spot for living. With a city population of 480,000 and an area population of 660,000, Ottawa is large enough to support a variety of divisions, from body-rub parlors to specialist interest, from a colorful market to some classy (it is informed by casually reliable sources) can beards. The city is also small enough to live and work and learn and breathe it, and smart enough to try to keep it that way.

The city cares enough about itself to plan, most of our cities don't. Montreal, about which so much soppy press is written, seems lovely mainly to visitors and people lucky enough to live in Hingham or Westwood or Orléans, for the people at the core, it is an ugly, crawling, field, placeless mess. They do get worse. Toronto is a good plan, but the city of developers considering that they have been built from building is barely visible above the crunch of their machines, bulldozing down the old city, slanting up concrete-and-glass who knows what. Vancouver, Edmonton and Winnipeg are all struggling, usually in vain, to come to grips with urban sprawl. Ottawa, so far at least, has done it. Its buildings, roads and suburbs do not spray unbidden from the ground; they are planned and groomed and controlled.

Ottawa's bureaucrats, so many in knock-brind so richly deserved, so often, all being knocked, make good neighbors. They are polite, polite and, once you get to know them, shameless posers about their departments and their political bosses. They can be easily cruel, like bureaucrats anywhere — in companies as well as in government — but they seem to lack the sheer bloodthirstiness of their opposite numbers in Washington. They are good citizens, denouncing of their local government — they know, after all, how governments work — and concerned about the kind of city they will live behind when they move, as so many of them do, to some other place.

So I find myself writing something I would have thought impossible when I arrived here to cover the swiftness of Lester Pearson in 1955. Ottawa is a handsome, interesting, livable city — a credit to her people and an argument to us all, if they and we but know it. I am sorry to go.

I have one final, secret reason for regret, a dirty-old-point source I explained to tell my wife. Ottawa is full of people who wear no bras and who bounce and bounce and jiggle and wobble along the walkways in a way that makes men run into trees and old men topple off park benches. In Washington, a city of power, the lecherous beauty is a rarity.

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THE SPIRIT IS STILL WILLING BUT THE FLESH IS BONE-TIRED

By Myrna Kostish

I remember vividly the day I officially became a feminist. It was in 1973, in England, after two years of travel during which, not a Squall of what had been happening among women in North America had reached me. But in London a women friend showed into my hands a stack of papers that had been mailed to her from a feminist friend in California, and said: read this. I read it. When I was finished, I was a committed member of the Women's Liberation Movement.

The Toronto Women's Caucus, the Toronto Women's Liberation Movement, and the Radical Feminists had all been established by the time I returned to Canada in late '71. They were holding meetings, putting out newsletters, organizing rallies. I never joined any of these "parties," and I remember going to the meetings with a combination of feelings: astonished that we were all voluntarily spending time away from men; excited about the things we had the nerve to say about our personal lives; relieved beyond measure that it was about as far as to realize that I had often been angry and bitter and sad about the things that had happened to me, and deeply moved by the glue that held all of this together, compassion and tenderness.

But something else made us stick together too. It was called "non-hate" by our detractors. But I called it "going clear," and it made me really high. Well, my father and my husband and some of my friends were okay but all the rest of them, our therapists and husbands, naps, me off, right and left. The women and friends they pointed out of me were extremely "sensible." Women friends would nod occasionally. "Yeah, right on, I know what you mean." It was a peroxide purge.

But then I was purged and I had to go on to something else. The flipside of having one man loving women, and so I explored that. It was crazy. I had always enjoyed my relationships with women. Now it became a matter of going beyond that, reaching out to each woman I met as a "sister." It also meant shedding women's history, reading about marriage laws in ancient Rome, the economic role of the housewife, the origins of maternal myths. It was the most exciting intellectual work I had ever done. I was researching the history of sex!

I taught women's studies at the University of Toronto, watching like a hawk how in young women went through the same process as I had. We sat in circles and shared, being careful to be "sensitive" and watching for the last sign of "soft woman" feeling. It always made me feel guilty to just a modest a low mark on a bad paper. There was something vaguely "sensitivity" about that.

I was now spending most of my time with women. Close went the days when I wished to be surrounded by admiring men. Great releases. I did most of my writing about women and I got letters from readers saying how much it meant to them that I told them the things I did. I listened to a friend talk about her husband with his husband about housework and child care. I saw other friends leave their marriages and set up communes. September I stood in the cold wind of City Hall

square shouting slogans. I went to a women's medical clinic and took home with me my own plastic appendix. I inflated sexual assault officers I thought, in those days, that I was in the middle of something that was going to shake the world apart.

It was downhill from there. Slowly but surely. The feminist "parties" fell apart, some to end up in far right field in letters, others in far left among the male-dominated leftist sects. The rest of us straggled in the limbo between. I continued to do bit and pieces of things — teaching, writing, going to conferences, arguing with male friends, becoming friends again with my mother — but I began to lose sight of what all these bits and pieces were supposed to lead up to. There never had been a central planning committee for the movement and now there didn't even seem to be a common goal. Nervously I asked my feminist friends: where is the Long poem in charge the abortion laws, the rape laws, the marriage laws? Maybe we should get jobs in dietetics and help women eat? Do you think they even notice these hostile poems we make at the Women's Centre? Do you suppose I should have absolutely nothing to do with men, would that help? Have we really hit days where it hurts? What is the power struggle? "Well," they said, "you do what you can do. What this is about is changing people's attitudes, don't you see? It takes a long time."

But the doubts were embedded and the passion was gone. I saw some of my friends strike out on their own, making careers for themselves as professional "blacks." I saw others lose themselves in "yoga," prioritizing their crisp clothes and better sexual tastes were proofs of a personal liberation. I saw still others spend their energies in theoretical debates, working out "victim" perspectives and positions. As for me, I became immersed in Bob Dylan again. I fantasized about a shock at WC and I never did buy a Helen Roddy album.

But I'm still a feminist. I still believe that women are an exploited group in our society. And there's no denying the women's movement has made a lot of noise. We've pushed and we've shored. But nothing moved. Oh, a few shuffles here and there. A royal commission, a cabinet post or two, here a law reform, there a sexual harassment. But the fifty-fifty rule on in the same old ways. A friend is raped. A colleague is undressed. My grandmother struggles on a pension. My neighbor is pregnant again.

What is our strategy against all this? We don't believe in pamphlets, rallies and picket lines anymore — we've stopped doing them. We can vote for Ellen MacDonald, but does she really see the world the same as I do? We can fire Dr. Morgentaler but what can we do for all the women who never get near a hospital corridor? I can "hate men" but many of them are in the same spot as I am — co-opted, ripped-off and mad. I, for one, am unwilling to think about all the other Motherships, maybe all these women around the country who need immediate and drastic change now will just go ahead and advance it where they are, in their kitchens, their offices, their factories. Won't Gloria Steinem be surprised?



The Sunstroke.

(Sometimes less is more.)

For a long time we clung to the notion that longer days called for longer drinks. That any suggestion we made for summer ought to be served in a tall glass. The noisiness of that logic, we now realize blended us to its flaws.

What matters, obviously, is not how long a drink is, but how good. So before you pack your stubby little glasses on midnights, you might want to try a Sunstroke.

To make a Sunstroke pour 1 1/2 oz. Smirnoff and 3 oz.



grapefruit juice into a short glass with ice. Add a little Triple Sec or sugar and stir.

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PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS? YOU KNOW IT, BOY!

By Rick Butler

It's a completely unsuspected diversity: in the western majority of Canada's youngest province, you could argue a self-contained Francophone community. Even many Newfoundlanders are unaware of it and the fact that the community has existed on Port au Port Peninsula, just 30 miles from the town of St. John's, since the mid-1800s. But when you pass through Ferry's Nose, you come upon Débris, a small town. Ferry's Nose, and Cape St. George and you're in the heart of the last-known French settlement in North America.

The majority of people in these towns are direct descendants of settlers who came to the area from St. Malo and Brittany during the mid-to-late 19th century, to work the rich fishing grounds. It's not just that many of the early fishermen decided to jump ship and settle down to farming and fishing rather than chase the prospect of conscription into the French navy and thereby become fodder for distant European wars. They loved Acadia: wine in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, established churches and schools, and eventually developed an isolated community of approximately 5,000. A smaller number of settlers also established themselves as the northern side of the narrow peninsula around the town of La Grande Ferme. From those early days until Confederation in 1949, existence depended on an uncertain and difficult struggle for survival against a cruel sea-weather economic system based on fishing, lumbering and other work from one year to the next without seeing a dollar bill.

Confederation brought family allowances, pensions and the promise of government aid for the fishery. However, the people of Port au Port are now realizing that union with Canada created an unanticipated and fundamental problem: the threat of cultural assimilation. Limited schooling was established early in this century, but with the introduction of compulsory education in 1949 the language of the classroom became English, not the native French.

Under Newfoundland's denominational education system, the Port au Port schools are administered by a school board, which is mostly anglophone, and heavily influenced by local priests. The church has always seen English-speaking priests, mostly from mainland Canada or urban Newfoundland, to the area. Not only are church services and schooling conducted in English here, as elsewhere in the province, the local church has always maintained the role of official spokesman for their communities in their relations with business and government. As a result, local demands for French-language instruction in the schools have seldom been voiced. In addition, there have been more overt attempts to anglicize the population through the practice of changing French names to their anglophone equivalents. Thus, Bonnet became Bennett, Le Blanc became White, and so on. It's neither through nor less symbolic ways, the St. John's government has played a part in the process by changing road signs and more place names from French to English. But these are small things, the primary cultural concern among



the Port au Port French today is the effect that the years of English language education have had on the young. Phyllis Bonnet, a 33-year-old teacher from Cape St. George, is close to the problem: "The children who are bilingual are influenced by English-speaking teachers all day long, as well as by English radio and television. So it's very difficult for children to keep speaking French when they're so much outside influences from another language."

Les Ténements Français, an independent local organization devoted to the preservation of the French language and culture in Newfoundland, was formed three years ago. The association began by organizing student exchange visits with the island of St. Pierre, and several French-speaking communities in New Brunswick, New Brunswick and Quebec. Students who had never before visited French communities outside their immediate area returned with welcome brochures in the well of cultural isolation. Local community field workers were hired for the summer through a grant from the Secretary of State's Department and they set out to organize discussion groups, welcome incoming exchange students, and conduct interviews on local history with some of the older people on the peninsula. Theatre groups from Quebec and Acadia took singer Dédé Butler visited Cape St. George, and several French films were shown at the local theatre which had previously specialized in westerns.

But M. Bonnet, a teacher, insists the basic problem continues to be the lack of bilingual education. "When I attend one of the French-language teachers' meetings on the mainland, I realize how much we have been deprived of our educational rights. I'm convinced an immersion program beginning at the primary level is the answer."

The Newfoundland Department of Education has made no definite plans to introduce a full French immersion program. This fall, a program offering all-French instruction in grade one will begin but that leaves the needs of middle school kids out of 900 on Port au Port Peninsula. A limited French-language program for grades one and two begins last fall in Cape St. George.

Perhaps the most significant development of all in Port au Port is the awakening among the young of an intense interest and pride in their heritage and culture. Most young people were in summer in the area, and French their culture remains and grows. Phyllis Bonnet, a 30-year-old resident of Cape St. George who began to teach French in the community when and if a bilingual school system arrives, said: "There's nothing here but the hills and the coastline, but this is what we call home. It always was and always will be. A lot of people have called it home, but I tell them I have a long heritage and speak two languages which helps me cope with things that often aren't. I've always regarded myself as a French Newfoundland. When people ask me where I'm from or what I am, I say: 'I'm a French Newfie!'"

THE LATE, GREAT PAIR OF JEANS

By Marc McDonald

I have a friend who spent three consecutive weekends working on her jeans. Not that they were dirty, you understand. They were brand new, with the \$22 price tag still attached. But as anybody with the slightest sense of radical chic these days knows, there's only one thing more gauche than spiffy, self-washed, unfaded, unbleached and generally unadorned blue denim and that is being caught out at the sewing store wearing no blue denim at all. And so my friend kept sending her jeans through the automatic washer trying to rip at least the first two years off their life. She tried the gentle cycle and the regular cycle and the heavy duty cycle. She tried jeans and Flarey Fabrics Schwinn and leaping through the air in the sun to dry, and finally she even sat in them for two long clumsy hours in a bleach-filled bathtub waiting for the proper aesthetic process to take place. But in the end her jeans just looked as if they'd had a recent bath with bubble plugs and she was plunged into despair.

"I'll just never be hip," she wailed. "I'll never make it. I mean, I can't even get 40 jeans right." Which is why I want my friend to crash the Art Gallery of Ontario's current Toronto exhibit called *Deconstructed Denim* where there is not even one uncut denim being around the booth about it anymore. Finally somebody has come right out and acknowledged the humble but jeans as a work of art.

Art? Why, there they are, hanging on the wall just down the road from the *Rushmore* and *Levi's* Theatres, a pair of faded denims with two long red silk ties snaking winding up from the ankle to the pocket and suddenly bringing into a blaze of radiant blossom just about where a person might make contact with a chair. There are jeans with brightly hued appliques all over them, and jeans dripping silver coins and sparkling beads like some Los Vegas vision gone berserk, and jeans so breathtakingly embroidered with yellow bells and snail shells staring out of an eerie red glow just as they would wear if they were painted by Rembrandt. One girl sewed multicolored patterns up her pants' legs and called the work *Sugar City*. Another ignored while along with little red-painted (newborn) down the arms of her jeans' jacket so it rides on the aspect of some *Deleche* chicken. And then there is the grand prize winner of all who painstakingly studied his pants' pocket with thousands of steel pins, chainlinks and tiny hawke's rebreathers, not to mention a single head sink drill. He'd carefully placed just about where his right bladder should be.

The whole exhibit was put together from a costume-walk contest sponsored by Levi Strauss and Co., the San Francisco denim tycoon whose original steel Levi sewed up in gold-rimmed California 124 years ago and settled down the very first pair of whippersnappers up out of some strange (though not blue) cotton from Nimes, France — "de Nimes" because denim — added years when prospectors complained their ore samples were ripping right through the pockets and, when somebody was rude enough to suggest that his pants weren't so sturdy as they were cracked up to be,



made Levi couple a pair of bright cuts with them and showed them a thing or two with a history like that. It was no wonder the States counter-culture chose jeans as the official uniform of the revolution. In the real world of denim, jeans were the real thing. They were anti-establishment, anti-style, anti-everything the consumer society stood for. Jeans were the face of the people, and there was a kind of purity about them you could feel just by the way they stretched your legs.

But along the way the same thing that happened to the revolution happened to blue jeans. They were accepted. The anti-style became the new chic. Suddenly there was a right leg's and right hand to have in your pants, and the lengths were short (short from work). You could get out onto the street and find jeans' bottoms sopping up and down like the venerable denim. There was a right kind of patch to patch to and a right kind of shade to fade in. And pretty soon they started to come pre-patched, pre-washed and pre-faded. Jeans became big business, perhaps America's greatest contribution to global culture since Coca-Cola, IBM and the Big Mac, why, in Moscow they'd give away their entire life savings just to get that back in a pair. In a single year some Levi's manufacturers sold 365 million pairs of jeans.

Now there is not a self-respecting hipster under the age of 30 who doesn't own some jeans. Jeans have become the uniform of the middle class, the little black dress of the Seventies. You can wear them about anywhere — and sometimes they are really the only respectable thing to wear. Conversations in their white pants shoes are sporting custom-made suits in blue denim like some quick ticket back to youth and society members are turning up on the fashion pages saying they couldn't live in their jeans even if they were hole and a pair of patchwork, numbers at \$170 a shot. A stockbroker I knew went right out and bought his first pair the next day. He was the president of the Toronto Stock Exchange wearing them one Saturday morning, because that's how it was all right. And adults are poking in their pants pockets over their jeans with visions of the new badge of hip dancing in their heads. There are blue denim placemats and aprons, chairs, blue denim portable TV sets and air upholstery, and the mass marketing has just got begun.

But already blue denim is a faded dream. In the States, when we tried going back to the land and eating out crunchy granola and putting up two fingers to the sky to show that it was the face of all odds to the contrary we were full of peace and love, jeans looked like the answer. But now if a quack turned out the way it was supposed to look then. The apocalypse approaches still and so talk of peace and love today is only a distant memory. Cool conversations are a quest for a decade past. The kids I know are into a little more serious sweaters and glitter now, Twinkies, leather boots and T-shirts, and the search is on for another dream. It was only a matter of time, really, until blue jeans were pressed up on some art gallery wall and celebrated — a common place

TIMES ARE HARD FOR WOODBINE BILLY

By Michael Posner

Prize it. So he has apparently just ripped Brief Storm at the wire, and a fat little man in the crowd announces "Brief Storm best bet!" Woodbine Billy looks sharply at the man and says "Don't be silly. The six horse win," and the crowd — waiting for the picture to flash on closed-circuit television — murmurs agreement. But the little man is obstinate. "You mean bet \$500 here?" he says angrily, peeling off a crisp \$50 bill. "I'll bet you \$50!"

Woodbine Billy shifts the cigar ash between his teeth. His eyes have seen Prize it. So win by a nose, but now he is dealing himself. After three dismal months at the track, his confidence has ebbed. The \$500 he started the race with has shrunk into small bits. The pain in his stomach has been diagnosed as gastritis. He has some tenderness in his right leg, and his dentist has put his face with a \$135 bill for root canal surgery. He doesn't take the bet.

"When your health isn't good, you can't do the work. If you can't work, you aren't gonna win. And if you don't win, who's gonna bet like during the work?" You're gonna be drinking your Polaris, which don't do nothing for your stomach."

Woodbine Billy's "work" is playing the horses — except that it isn't play. It is his job, his sole livelihood. He follows them from Greenwood in the spring to Woodbine and Fort Erie in the summer and back to Woodbine in the fall, not missing one day, and studying every race with the intensity of a scholar.

Apart from occasional part-time jobs, he has, with mixed success, earned his living at the track for nine years. Once back in 1973, Billy had \$5,000 in the bank, and he thought nothing of spending the afternoon at Woodbine, hopping a job for Montreal and the evening card at Blue Bonnets, and then catching a morning flight back, just in time for the next day's program at Woodbine. "I was floating around having a hell of a time. Whatever I wanted — booze. Walk into a place, buy four drinks, get paid six bucks."

But then he got curious, betting on sports he'd never been involved. He lost \$500 in the first basketball wager of his life. That Sunday, having lost nine consecutive football bets, he took 10 points and bet the Giants against Oakland. Oakland won 41-0. "I had no business doing that. I was out of my league." In two weeks, Billy dropped \$3,000. By Christmas his account had dwindled to \$1,500. The doctors put him on Valium. Neither his health nor his pocketbook has been the same since.

It was not the first small fortune Billy had squandered. During three disastrous years of the mid-60s, horse races, card games and hockey bets wiped out a sizable inheritance — an inheritance derived from the Astors, 1937, one accident that claimed his mother, father (a high school Latin teacher) and three brothers. Billy, the only survivor, spent two months in school. He was 15 years old.

No tragedy of such dimensions can fail to leave its mark on the psyche, and it could be argued that it was somehow



to blame for Billy's "collapse." Perhaps that long before the accident, Billy, growing up in Mississauga, had gained an insatiable knowledge to watch the horses run at Polo Park, and later pooled his paper boy's earnings with friends to bet daily doubles and quinellas. Still, he lost his family at a critical age and drifted through adolescence without direction, gravitating aimlessly to the track.

An uncle brought him to Toronto and enrolled him in high school, three miles from Woodbine. Friday afternoons, while the rest of the school shivered football games, Billy cheered fifteen and geldings. By the time he reached university, he was a confirmed horseplayer. On one occasion, he gambled his restaurant's stock for five dollars for lunch money. "The sound was so bad I took it in to get fixed," he told his friend. Two days later he was enough to redeem it. His friend agreed the sound was nicely improved.

Preferring excuses to prostrations, Billy's academic efforts were something less than brilliant. He scraped through first year with five Ds, failed his second, then made one final — and unsuccessful — attempt to salvage his degree. "You don't spend the day at the track, watch the Arma Brothers and put 12 Miller 600s in you and then go out and read Voltaire. It just doesn't happen."

Since then, Woodbine Billy has lived off his luck. He's spent nights walking the streets, jugged dozens to avoid paying his way into the track, lobbied to Post Five with six dollars in his pocket. He once borrowed 40 cents for a wager, won \$600 on the day, then stashed a bus for the ASP where he stashed tens of thousands for \$1.50 an hour. "I loved that job. It was my security. My rent was \$10 a week, and I'd have \$25 left for the track. I gave up my apartment."

Now Billy's room in downtown Toronto rents for \$12 a week, and the job at ASP is better. He was fired after missing three consecutive days. But he has no regrets. "I'm just doing what anybody wants to do in this world. Even the way I want to, doing what I like." He says he'll stay out the track five days a week, arriving early to catch the previous day's replays on TV. He watches every race three times, always on television. It's been years since he saw thoroughbred run outdoors because it gives him a better view of those factors that separate winners from losers: how horses break from the gate, how the track is running at the rail.

As the race proceeds, he scribbles little notes onto his program, later transferring them to his racing form and to his own Master Performance Charts at home. Often he is up all night watching results, comparing speeds and classes and fields of competence — the art of handicapping raised to a science. He even handles charts — horseplayers willing to stake their capital on Billy's recommendations and to split the profits.

But this year, worried about his health, Woodbine Billy is off his form. The fat little man in the crowd offers him an easy \$50 and he lets it pass. A moment later, the photo goes up on the screen. Prize it. So is the clear winner by a nose.

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YOUR VIEW

Speaking of solidarity / A few more words on behalf of Mum / Tommy and his friends

Although I enjoy Maclean's very much and do admire Heather Robertson's excellent contributions, I must take issue with some of her conclusions in *staying in The Working Class* (July).

While I do not belong to the "company class," I would not consider appearing to the ranks of organized labor. Employees will always exploit those in less privileged positions, and this means no necessary. However, their needs demands and prices are certainly not justified.

As the wife of a young lawyer who extra about in credit as, if not less than, an apprentice plumber, I have become aware of the lack of proportion apparent in the working world today. Organized labor seems to have lost sight of the fact that, beyond a cost-of-living adjustment, each job is worth only so much. My lawyer husband, who is highly trained and assumes a great deal of responsibility for the affairs of the clients he represents, should be paid considerably more than the untrained clerk who receives and processes his documents file to file.

And yet surely, in the face of working inflation, the answer is not for my husband to join a union.

—MICHAEL KIRBY, OAKTON CREEK, BC

I appreciated *Answer To The Working Class*. The people who grow the food, fish and work in the mines and forests are the ones who create wealth. The middle and upper classes are, in a sense, parasites.

I would like Canada to follow

Chairman Mao's system of requiring everyone to do physical work for a period every year. This would create more sympathy and understanding between the working people and the others.

—RUTH CHURCHTON, HALIFAX

I opt for the corporate elite — and I don't have any money or a rich uncle. But when I was growing up in Winnipeg, Regina and Vancouver, I had some good friends who hung out because of the CPR, mostly through their willingness to take on responsibility.

More power to them; they have worked very hard and deserve their just rewards.

—COREY CHERRIER, VICTORIA

I'm sure hydro bosses will cancel their subscriptions to Maclean's upon reading the contrived slur in Heather Robertson's article "Twelve million workers" expressing solidarity with hydro bosses and garbage men.

After all, they are not of the same class. For one thing, a hydro boss has to be educated — sufficiently, at least, to be able to distinguish a ground wire from other wires charged with potentially lethal electricity. He also has to have manual dexterity, the ability to work on spiked leg gear and a nice sense of balance.

On the other hand, the ordinary garbage man needs pliancy to respond to his native instinct for self-protection (handling garbage bins without cutting his hands). Later, to save promotion to senior garbage-

man, he must be skillful at pulling levers for compaction, the basis of which he learns as an infant in his crib. And both must have developed to a high degree their penchant for destruction (nature to some types of human beings), as when delivering the perfect strike of a hand-saw garbage can's rim so that it no longer accepts its lid securely, if at all.

—KEN W. F. COOPER, MONTREAL

Modern mumhood

The "kink" story by Myra Kestell, *A Few Words On Being Of Mom* (July), was just that — kink, more, pointless, and the kind of story that women don't want to read, indeed, that they refuse even to acknowledge.

—EMIL HARRIS, TORONTO

May I say how deeply appreciative I am to Maclean's for publishing *A Few Words On Being Of Mom*.

In her beautifully written article, Ms. Kestell illustrates all the confusion, which I am reaching only now at the age of 24, so vital for well-balanced womanhood. Thank you again for putting into words what I now know but haven't been able to express.

—DAY ROBERTS, OTTAWA

Reviewing Rock

I find John Holmes' sardonic attitude, as expressed in *The Dred, Dred and Dred And War No Clem* (June), unbearable. I thoroughly enjoyed



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YOUR VIEW / continued

Towney, but I suppose that is to be taken for granted—I am, after all, under 17.

However, I feel myself confused. What order do I belong in? You see, I can appreciate higher opera, debut French (Ségol) and have never heard of Kabuki Kabuki.

I trust that Harkin never, even in his adolescence, indulged in fads, and has never (like my tongue!) said slaps.

Come on, John. We know you're one of us.

JANET DODSON, WOODBINE

I have nothing to say about John Harkin's review of *Towney*.

BOB CRATER, age 15,
MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

Quebec encore

It is rare for me to write a letter because I support the content of an article, but Walter Stewart's *My Farewell To Quebec* (June) touched a sensitive nerve.

As one of Quebec's resident anglophiles I have gained a certain awareness of the feelings and ambivalence of many of the residents of this province, francophone and anglophone. Despite my desire to understand myself and the minorities of Quebec society, I have run into the same hostility and rejection Stewart refers to, especially among younger Québécois, who seem merely to want to be left alone to build their own Quebec.

The cause of this feeling are understandable. This fact has been made obvious by the failure of the Trudeau government's policy of bilingualism in the federal civil service, the Bennett government's halfhearted policy of "profitable federalism" (which was also carried on, under various guises, by Diefenbaker, Levesque and Johnson) and the sincere efforts of a minority of English-speaking residents to adapt themselves to changing realities.

What is missing at this time is the clearest alternative of Canadian federalism which Lacombe and Lapointe wished to establish in Quebec: neither in the center, and which has always been missing in the shilly-polly policies of St. Laurent and Trudeau, and in the dubious alternatives of the anglophile Conservatives and the irrelevant New Democrats.

GEOFFREY E. HILL,
ST. LAWRENCE, QUE.

As a bilingual English Canadian, I agree with Walter Stewart 100%. We should let the French go it alone, be-

cause the French and English cultures are never mix.

When I say "French," I mean the politicians, for I was born in a French town and found the average townsmen warm and friendly. But I would not French politicians from Ottawa before they take over there, as they have in Quebec. Canada should rid herself of the influence of Quebec, before more damage is done.

ART HERTON, VERDUN, QUE.

I have never read such a diatribe.

When I go to Alberta, the people say they are Albertans first. Canadians second. When I go to Nova Scotia, the people say they're Blue before first. This is a fact of life here, a part of being Canadian.

Why is it that Walter Stewart does not seem capable of comprehending this fact? His article is the worst example of bias I've read in years. The Québécois are right. Stewart should find a more suitable topic, for he just doesn't understand.

J. SPENCER, LONDON, ONT.

Walter Stewart says farewell to Quebec because he doesn't feel he belongs here any more. I think he made a very wise choice. I made a similar decision 40 years ago and moved to the opposite direction.

I was born and brought up in Alberta, in a francophone family. Having worked in Montreal after leaving school, I liked the place and decided to stay. But I didn't blame my fellow Albertans for my decision. I like them and visit them regularly, and my Albertan family and friends often come to Montreal. They speak poor French and poor English is bad, but we get along well nevertheless.

PHILIPPE CHENET, MONTREAL

Walter Stewart's article was the most accessible I have read for a long time. If Monsieur Claude Ryan of *Le Devoir* attempts a rebuttal, I, as well as many anglophones, will not bother to read it: we don't need to hear a Quebecer's viewpoint. It's too late.

C. MC CULLUM, OTTAWA

Edouard Noré Monsieur Ryan had agreed to reply to Walter Stewart's article, but unfortunately, due to the pressure of other commitments, he has not been able to do so.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO MAGAZINE'S
YOUR VIEW, 481 UNIVERSITY AVE.,
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Black & White.
Good scotch.



Prairie prejudice

Congratulations to Heather Robertson for *It Doesn't Help To Be Jewish In Manitoba* (Dane). Mr. Spivak showed great courage in dealing with the press, and Mr. Robertson has shown great understanding of what it was all about.

I was particularly pleased with her comments on the role of the local media in this affair. They overre-

up an opportunity to attack Mr. Spivak and his party, even when they never resort to bigotry and innuendo to do so. You should be prepared for a chorus of complaints from that quarter, because they can't take the criticism but they easily can't take it.

JOHN A. STEINBERGER, WINNIPEG

Heather Robertson describes herself when she says "one of the most effective ways to exploit racism is to de-

scribe it." In the name of depicting some racism directed against Sidney Spivak, leader of the Manitoba Conservative Party, the anonymous columnist that "Heather" is a Jew of life in Manitoba.

What are her sources? A few comments from a local writer and some of Spivak's parliamentary speeches.

Get off it, Heather! The people of Manitoba are neither racist nor anti-Semitic. The history of the vast majority of the people of this province has been and continues to be to respect racism and all those who try to promote it, overtly or otherwise.

JUDITH WEINSTEIN, WINNIPEG

Admittedly, the choice and sequence of words Heather Robertson puts together, about a bit confused, make a pleasant satire. But what unfortunate before the creation in the process.

"Anti-Semitism is a Jew of life in Manitoba. Everyone admits it, everyone denies it." Absolute dogma! Mr. Robertson would be well advised to tone it down a bit, to show a little more from research and a little less from her imagination. Sensationalism is not where it's at, and writing is not the same as composing a musical score.

GEORGE FREEMAN, WINNIPEG

Celebrating Canada

Thank you very much for Angeline Hughes Campbell's *Molded By The Land* (June), a lighthearted thanksgiving for Canada. We all read that kind of cheerful writing.

MRS. G. COLLIER, ELMON, NB

I just had to write to congratulate Angeline Hughes Campbell on her delightful article. It was such a treat.

IN A. CLARK, NEW WESTMINSTER, BC

A hearty thanks for publishing *Molded By The Land*. In the midst of the literary policies of "modelling" our environment, that article was a refreshing, spring-fed mountain stream.

There are millions of Canadians who would look forward with eagerness to the arrival of a magazine that regularly carried articles of that high quality.

KEEN CAMPBELL, CHARMAN, BERNABEE, CANADA, BILTON, ONT.

Winds of change

As an 18-year-old American high-school graduate with a longtime interest in Canadian life, its people and its

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YOUR VIEW / continued

ness, I am speechless in praise of *Marlowe's*.

Your writers are tough and hard-hitting, the articles have that prize-literate quality I have been looking for in American periodicals, but which is severely lacking in all of our national magazines.

Thank you for an excellent publication, and you have my best wishes for success when you go forward.
—MORRISON FENDERBORN, JR.,
OLD BRIDGES BEACH, NEW JERSEY

I read with mounting dismay that *Marlowe's* interests going bankrupt. I think you're putting a big mistake.

Of course I shall not cancel my subscription. I've stuck with you through thick and thin, and I'm so glad *Marlowe's* has evolved from a hodgepodge of intellectual meanderings and frantic epilogues into a superbly designed magazine of immensely readable articles that even some of my friends read and enjoy. And now you're going to hire it.

Don't do it, friends. There is no shortage in standing still when you're onto a good thing. If you want a bet, maybe your competition will go bankrupt!

—BARRY R. SHACKAY,
TORONTO, ONT. CANADA

This past year I returned to college after many years, and took a course in Canadian studies. We learned out a survey on Canadian literature and subsequently researched those areas we thought were of particular importance to the Canadian identity, one of those areas, of course, was the magazine industry.

As a result, I have drafted that it is high time the Canadian government stopped bowing to the U.S. State Department whenever something Canadian isn't quite in line with their thinking. Indeed, it's just time that the Americans realize Canada is not part of the United States, and hopefully never will be. It's also time we put in a government that will not sell out what makes Canada his life.

The news that *Marlowe's* plans to publish literature is good indeed. Canada needs a new magazine, and I am glad that you are going to fill that void.

The fact that you do not want to abandon completely your present format, but rather to use it in conjunction with that of a new magazine, should make great reading for a large segment of our population. Keep up the good work, and I wish you all the success you deserve.

—E. MARSHALL OLIVER, KAMLOOPS, BC

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man's needs are many.
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for oneself, one's family.
To be free
to make plans
with the people who
help give them life.*



THE PRINCE

Bud McDougald doesn't walk the corridors of power. He drives

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

If the Canadian business establishment has a great master that all powerful figure has to be a nearly assailable Toronto capitalist named John Angus "Bud" McDougald. He is the archetype of the tycoon the Canadians love to fantasize about. His lifestyle, his manner, his use of metaphor, his view of public power and private living alone — everything about him is perfect. He is obsessively secretive, tough, shrewd and right-wing in his outlook. Because he has never lost at anything he's tried, winning has become the only tolerable condition of life for him.

McDougald shows public access. Unlike E. F. Taylor, whose collapsed marble he now carries, McDougald deliberately cultivates the absence of a visible personality. Few Canadians are aware of his existence, and even those Establishment residents who appear away from his Canadian orbit know him less by sight than by reputation. McDougald is rarely not very much interested in what people think of him. He understands power very well, where it resides and how to exercise it. Discretion is his strategy even better. He knows that those of his world he pretends who appear on radio and television, in magazines and newspapers, do so because they are still in the process of losing the strength

of their authority. McDougald knows precisely where he fits. At the very top. Well into his sixties, McDougald has a physical appearance that is imposing and at a distance, surprisingly youthful. The cheek lines that run from his nose to the corners of his mouth form a pattern of wrinkles that the blue-grey eyes are always watching, alert to every move, each move, any signal that might betray a visitor's true motive. His presence is beyond the reproducible. His personal man is handsome, 6'7 1/2 inch, by the firm of Hartmann's, one of Saskatchewan's most exclusive tailors, the English hand-made shoes are carved from the skins of young alligators.

His manner of speaking is somehow telling, without highs or lows — the last vest to his Toronto house by Prince Philip, the non-indulgent skills of his land gardener, the secret tendencies of Pierre Elliott Trudeau, his triumphs at the British aristocracy, the new Ministry of Foreign Affairs being built at Parliament, the real reason the Packard Motor Car Company went out of business, the advice he gave President Eisenhower about dealing with the Russians, the Indian value on the propane tank that has his increasing pool — everything is discussed in the same tone. There is little sense of irony in his making. He

never takes a drink, doesn't smoke or eat sweets, hasn't had a cavity in 33 years.

The extent of McDougald's fortune is difficult to estimate. The combination of his personal stock holdings and his position as chairman and president of Argus Corporation give him direct control over industrial and commercial assets worth two billion dollars, including Dominion Steel, Massey-Ferguson, Helmer Motors, Drexel Limited and Standard Broadcasting. "We're proponents," he says of the Argus group, "and that's where you get the reputation for being tough. Because you can say when you mean and not be afraid of losing your job." McDougald also exercises voting control over Crown Trust (with 1011 votes in its custody, it is a dominant force) and member of the executive committee of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce (over \$20 billion), a member of the advisory board of the First National Bank of Palm Beach, Florida, and a director of several major international corporations including the \$1.5 billion Aero conglomerate.

He is reported to keep about \$10 million in cash on hand. This is an excerpt from *The Canadian Establishment: Volume One*, by Peter C. Newman, being published next month by McClelland and Stewart.

ton is sunk and gold at the main Toronto branch of the Canadian One Bank with which he doesn't guard against what would be a loss of \$700 million. As indicated, the money comes from his tax bill. A few years ago, Percy Fisher, a corporate lawyer and the former director of McGill's McGill Foundation, told me about the majority of the Canadian government asked him "What they do can think you have the right to complain so much about this country?" They were in the Toronto Club as the bank surrounded by the local big money men giving their pre-lunches Smith and some McGill didn't even please around before he gave his answer: "Because," he said, "In the only time in this room where I paid personal income tax of more than a million dollars every year for the last 16 years."

The harsher side of McDougal's nature is tempered by a fond of Henry James' manner—a taste of the urbane a facet in matters the estimation of people—deep respect for privacy and a sense of propriety. He is a man of great character that allows the reader to know that even in the face of all his power there exists a host of sadness in him McDougal's world. Although he has on himself as above the winning smile, he is a man of little hope, and he has sadly followed. He seldom dares swear of some loss to which he cannot put a name. Somehow the untried satisfaction kept chiding him, must surely do him before anything he could do. McDougal's life is a long, long life, the absence of a friend, a child, must make that anything else to other people he says "There are so many people you can cry up because you can remember them. Not because you're sure you've got something up your sleeve that they don't."

More to us any other Canadian businessman, Bud McDonald has used his indigenous power base to build up remarkable circles of influence both in Europe and in the United States. Even if few Canadians are prepared to be his intimates in Lugano, Geneva, New York and Palm Beach he is no recluse. In such settings, McDonald is known and runs a cipher of the world. "What I share," he says "is that if you're in an international type of operation as we are and you really want to get through to the local community, you've got to be one of them. I find if you just want to do an awful lot of power [he] was."

When he's in London, McDougall stays in a special suite at Clarendon's hotel with his windows angled to allow him an unobstructed view of his Phantom VI Rolls-Royce parked on the street below, so that he can signal the chauffeur.

over the years, she has kept dogs. The devoted housewife is decorated in royal coats and lent to the Queen for ceremonial occasions. The best of all is that she has a dog named "The Queen" and it's called "The Queen" for the same reason. "If anything, you can find around there for a week and you can see the same attractions from all over the globe."

McDugall lives London on weekends, but she has a house in the country. He can move the roads well and drives him down to the country houses for Saturday and Sunday lunches. Among his closest acquaintances are the royal family, including Prince Charles, Prince Andrew, and Lord Cuthbert, a former British member of parliament. McDugall still abides most of his history books in England, as a member of both the Royal Society and the Royal Academy, and he is well enough that on his 1867 year to become Prince Philip chose to stay with him and see Princess Anne and her husband Captain Mark Phillips, when they came to the Royal Albert Memorial.

The American headquarters of the McDougall chapter is a large Mediterranean-style villa on Palm Beach's Ocean Boulevard, next to the former home of the late John F. Kennedy. The McDougall family bought the house in 1960, when the man was 66 but had been living there since 1946. Back then, it was known as the "White House" for President John F. Kennedy. The present villa, which has 15 bedrooms, attempts a Raquel Welch style of self-styled naïveté and looks so unusual that it has even convinced company executives that it is a "surrealist" building. Birch's anomic architect, McDougall promptly assumed his privacy by buying all the available copies and having the pages destroyed.

McDougall's wife, Mary Ann, and Palm Beach's scandalous social magnate of the Argus computer deal, together in the spring so that he has made only a few quick jaunts north. What he communicates is in a private world, a world of the "United States of America," as he has named it (the Argus website).

"People think I go to my winter house in Palm Beach just to be in the sun," says "But I don't ever get time I operate the same as I do in Toronto. Palm Beach is quite a clearinghouse. It's easier for me to be in Palm Beach in the winter with the various interests that we have than it is to be in Canada. That gives me

the amount of people we deal with are coming and going, people are moving all the time. You can fly from Paris or London to Miami, then traipse out to the West Coast if you want to, out to Los Angeles or San Diego. So I am all kinds

of our people in Palm Beach all winter long. Then, with our various other things such as 1986 film, which we're heavily interested in, that's a Cleveland operation. Their studios are up and down all the time, they have ranches for example in lower Georgia where they shoot quail and that sort of thing, so I held a lot of meetings in Palm Beach that normally you'd have either in Cleveland or Canada."

You drive past the incongruously constructed mailbox with the Green Meadows sign on it through the colorful-style pickup fence, up the rambling driveway lined with weeping willows, catch sight of the McDougalls' magnificent Toronto residence and it's THERE. Formerly stretching over 500 acres, it's in outer suburbs now reduced to a mere 19 acres in a 1959 deed with the North York Council that permitted McDougall to keep a house within city limits in return for disposal of his estate land for badly needed housing construction. McDougall had been

afford two million dollars for the balance of the property, but he won't sell. The McDougalls insist on a future transfer to give the "equality of the litigants." The McDougalls' lawyer, Robert J. H. Taylor, says the McDougalls own a large Grosse Pointe estate with a road running for the right resident thoroughfare, separate corridors for the church and gardens, several outbuildings and a swimming pool. "The McDougalls argue that it is the prevailing custom to sell to white police and kindergarten teachers — large money — request a permanent sale of six acres — all that is within rights of the city's apartment building," he says. "The McDougalls want the same price for the same land that makes the owner rich as a landlord."

A third part of the McDougalls' lives is taken up with horses. But they don't want to sell the horses, says H. Taylor, who once said, "I wish I were paid for the horse business because they become too fond of their animals. They won't sell horses that can't swim any longer and once brought a horse to me for a mile-wide pond at Westbury."

Over McDonald's store relating hubbub is showing visitors his collection of classic automobiles. The superstore contains garages of Greco Roman, one house 30 cars. There are five Rolls Royces, including a 1913 Silver Ghost that is the most valuable Rolls in captivity, a 1918 model 35,280 \$55 supercharged Mercedes-Benz with a custom handbuilt body, the 1924 Acorn Franch Type B originally built (cost of \$20,000) for Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, a 1909 Hispano-Suiza, a 1918 Knicker Gold Bug, and various Bentleys, Pinks, Buicks, and Alfa Romeos, and five custom-built Cadillacs are

which McDougall uses for his drives to the Argus Corporation head office in downtown Toronto.

His daily contact is one of the many similarities with the Green Meadows coat of arms discreetly mounted on its side, a not really greatly different from Bud McDoagill's initial trek to the Toronto financial district in late 1935. His father who ran a successful investment house called B. J. McDoagill and

[illegible]

The senior McDougall insists that he has not been allowed to do just about anything provided he was prepared to defend his actions, produced an affidavit explaining the, grew up in his father's Kewdale mansion and spontaneously attended two of Toronto's best private schools. He was enrolled at Upper Canada College for several years but is remembered there mainly for being the "rascal" of Principal William Lawson's "Chapin's Model T" to a town where he had no friends. He was a self-made hood had got into a car and pursued the motor the wheels past in the air and had cut her hair down. Poor old Choppy never did wash on. The experience left McDougall permanently fearful of the teaching profession. Whenever he takes time to muse about his education, he will confess with aston-

The Argus Empire

Company	Number of common shares	Percentage of outstanding shares	Indicated market value
BC Forest Products Ltd.	800,000	6.6%	\$6,000,000
Domestic Stores Ltd.	1,000,000	23.4%	29,940,000
Dunstar Ltd.	1,500,000	16.9%	55,000,000
Hollinger Mines Ltd.	1,842,000	28.2%	23,445,000
Mitsco-Pergason Ltd.	2,050,000	15.6%	37,762,500
Stanley Broadcasting Cos.	2,657,475	67.7%	20,492,000

As at December 31, 1979

5171.199.90



adams: "Left school at 14 and I've regretted it all my life." Then, as the Kaiser lowers his eyes in courteous acknowledgment of all those unrequited years of wisdom, Bad McDonagall delivers the punch line: "Suggest outside if you made. Should have left when I was 12!"

Waco knew he had no right of trying to stop any crimes [I just couldn't] wait for the law. I had two things things going on. My father sent him off to war [Korea] with a private [rank]. Early in 1958 he abruptly decided to attend in Cambridge University ("You could get into Sedgley College. Cambridge quite easily if you know your way around"). He took lodgings in the Carlton Hotel in London but the general nurse intervened, and McDonald found himself driving a milk-truck through the St. John's Wood area of northwest London. It was while making these arrangements that he decided England was washed up and he would return to Canada and the job his father had obtained for him at Dominion

He closed inkwells, clipped the *Washington Journal* and the *Financial Post*, drank in darkness at coffee with the other messengers (to find out what was happening "before dawn"), ran out for sandwiches and often stayed until midnight. "One of my jobs at night was to go around to all the printers' fling drawers, pick up their correspondence and take them up to the fling department. I'd stay up there late, reading at their leisure and I knew more about

[illegible]

During the next decade, while he was still with Dominion Securities, McDougall became interested in a series of outside ventures that enhanced both his reputation and his bank account. He built a large tanker using the then unique financing technique of showing the British shipyard a long-term charter contract with Shell Oil instead of making a down payment. He sold oil

bought companies, merged their assets with their assets, and became recognized as one of the most successful power players in the world. In the 1980s, the company was so good that it was able to attract Bank of Commerce financing for a reason that involved risk factors greater than the bank's combined capital and reserves ("I never had any trouble getting money. My problem has always been getting something that was worth paying money into").

His dealings were temporarily halted by a serious heart attack in 1988. But he came back and spent much of World War II in hand of Hildebrandt and Wais. The reason? Securities' stock-trading operations, which allowed him even deeper penetration of the stock's inner circles of influence. McDougall became known as the toughest member of the Canadian financial community ("I don't feel attacked," he says, "I mean I call a spade a spade and I sometimes say I like a tough position as it is. I don't feel. But I wouldn't say that was being tough").

Harry Hildebrandt recalls meeting Ted Goodkhan at about this time, when the son of the Ontario liquor fortune had just been to see McDougall. "I told him," reported Goodkhan, "that I am a member when you want a boy. You need to say you'll make a million dollars. Well, you look bigger. You've done it. And you know what Ted replied? 'Well, don't forget this. I'd like to see you try to learn how and live you to do it.'"

The extent of Ted McDougall's role in the development of the Canadian Establishment that divides the adulations of power from those who merely belong goes back to 1945 and the beginning of his partnership with E. P. Taylor. Though they were not each other's afternoon favorites, the two men understood and complemented each other as the formation and development of Argus was one of Canada's dominant corporate entities.

The Argus Corporation multiplied its influence through the Fillets and Steaks. A random sampling of the Toronto Stock Exchange on June 5, 1964, for example, shows that nearly 90% of all the shares traded that day had been in Argus-owned enterprises. The Taylor assets were common market leaders, and Bud McDougall was in the thick of every important. "When someone is to see when a deal is really going to be all right," McDougall says, "you're not supposed to begin with. It's unlikely that you'll ever run into a good proposition if you're just on the job and not making money. Our strategy leads to money. I never had a serious agreement in my life with anybody on a deal, never

Eddie Taylor and I never had an agreement and we never had a dispute over money. We had plenty of arguments over policy, but never love. I have cheated in my life by anybody. Maybe it's because I was always able to know who I was dealing with. I always want on the principle of a written agreement was necessary if it wasn't worth bothering with."

McDougall made the news earlier this year when he rebuffed a takeover attempt at Argus by Paul Desmarais, the chairman of Power Corporation, in Montreal. "Nobody can buy into Argus unless we want to sell it to him," McDougall has always insisted.

Desmarais had originally accumulated 10.37% of Argus common stock on the open market through one of his subsidiaries (Shawcross Industries) from 1965 to 1969, then he wanted to be invited on the board. Nothing happened.

On Sunday, March 23, 1992, Bud McDougall was sitting at his Palm Beach palace when he received an urgent request from Paul Desmarais for a meeting. Looking determined and unusually nervous, the Power Corporation chairman arrived a few moments later, sat down in McDougall's living room and came to the point: he was about to launch a \$300-million bid for control of Argus. His best should lead the Toronto holding company's shareholders in accepting his offer of \$22 for each common share (then trading at \$15.25 to \$16.50 and \$17 for each Class C preferred share, then worth \$12.75). McDougall was bemused. "I said, 'Paul, for God's sake, don't bother arguing with me. Argus just isn't for sale. I'm going to work Saturday and you can go to work Sunday — it is, and when that happens I've got no interest in your deal, just forget it.' Desmarais seemed to accept that and I took him to the Everglades Club. We had lunch as a friendly way and afterward I dropped him on Worth Avenue where he wanted to do some shopping. And that was the end of that."

Later that evening, W. G. "Bill" Chast (of Chast Peabody, the Arrow Share project), the Everglades Club president, suddenly died and McDougall, who is not only a governor of the club but also a director of the syndicate that controls it, became preoccupied with choosing a successor. Picking a new head of the Everglades is a process only slightly less formal than deciding the pope's successor. Royal Club governors meet in solemn session on the first jandel day after the incumbent's passing and no one is allowed to disturb them. Desmarais telephoned the club on Monday morning to inform McDougall that he was proceeding with his bid despite the

Argus chairman's warning. But the Everglades showed willing to put him through. He left a number, and when McDougall finally called back it turned out to be a pay phone at the Palm Beach airport. Desmarais spent the rest of the day flying across the continent aboard his private jetstar. (The three-million-dollar plane was purchased by Desmarais from the ex-Ford II. Its gold-colored interior has five seats, a sofa, a bar, a kitchen, and a complete stereo system.) He landed at the Palm Springs airport in California and was immediately driven to the El Dorado Golf Club in Palm Desert. He remained there for most of the next month, living in a villa lent to him by Fred Martin, the Calgary rodeobroker. His only hangout was Seneca Lewis Gilman, his most important new acquisition was Gerald Ford, who came to play golf at the El Dorado Club on March 22. Desmarais did phone McDougall once more, on the evening of March 24, to advise the Argus chairman that his lawyers had told him to report their resignation to the SEC. McDougall, angry and appalled that as far as he was concerned no negotiations had taken place, and hung up.

At 11:12 a.m. the following day, with no advance notice, Power launched its bid for Argus. By the time the stock exchanges opened a bid to trading in Argus shares closed minutes later, the common stock had jumped a dollar and the Class C shares were up \$3.38. Significantly, Power claims finished the day up only 38 cents. It was so tough the financial institutions to bid, in that crisis! 110 seconds, already decided who would be the eventual winner in this contest of Goliath. In Ottawa, the Power offer blew up into a major political issue and Prime Trudeau established a royal commission to examine "the economic and social implications for the public interest of major concentrations of corporate power in Canada."

Because the Palm Beach residence has no office, McDougall converted Paula Don's former private shower, a 10-foot-square cubicle with windows overlooking the Atlantic into his command post, equipping it with a desk, a wastebasket, a pencil sharpener and two kitchen phones. The "Wednesday morning" following the Power bid, Desmarais cordially and twelve-thirty Mrs. McDougall begged 32 calls.

"I kept asking people," McDougall remembers, "what are you talking about? Forget Power Corporation! There's no light. The wall's over. There isn't any air. And Desmarais? I don't know how anybody could live till he was 48 and be so naive and green in that deal. The boardroom of Power was the one like Alice in Wonderland. It's just fantastic. Take a fellow like Earl



MARIE-CLAIRE BLAIS IS NOT FOR BURNING

The novelist must suffer, but not constantly

BY MARGARET ATWOOD

Marie-Claire Blais' first novel, *La Belle Rivière*, appeared in 1959. The cover of the McClelland and Stewart translation, *Mad Shadow*, had a picture of a blood-splattered face, and of course I read it intently. It's a gripping tale whose best one, only her passionate, but not about everyone, including her own child, gleefully shares her sister brother's head into a vat of boiling water, then burns down her mother's house with the mother in it. The book made its very noisy, for more than the obvious reasons: the violence, the murders, suggestions of incest and the hallucinatory intensity of the wrong were rare in Canadian literature at those days, but even scarier was the thought that this blood-soaking fiasco, as well as its passionate verbal child, were the products of a girl of 19 I was 19 myself, and with teeth as example before me I already felt like a late bloomer.

The success of *La Belle Rivière*, as well as the fact that it was translated and well received in "English" Canada, irritated some of Quebec's literati. It seemed arrogant that a girl with no advanced education, who had left school to clerk in stores and type in offices and who was reputed to keep her manuscripts in a dishbox, should appear out of nowhere and land dead centre in the spotlight. It was too audacious. Some predicted a brilliant literary career, but others, they would be as a mere child's paddy who would burn out quickly and disappear as child prodigies ought to.

In the 16 years since that time, Marie-Claire Blais has become one of the best writers and certainly the most admired Quebec writers resident. Her work has been translated into 12 languages, and she's won two of France's most coveted literary prizes as well as a Guggenheim Fellowship. Her output has been prodigious, 11 include one play, an audio drama, and a television script, in addition to a dozen novels.

Although I had admired her writing

for many years, I did not meet Marie-Claire Blais till recently. I won't say what to expect based on the content of her books, which deal extensively with human suffering and whose characters appear, survive and kill each other, go crazy, jump from bellows, prostitute themselves, commit suicide and shoot dogs, while reflecting on the transience of joy, the necessity of rebellion and the use of pride she ought to have been either a wolf-like creature with deadly eyes or a cross between a nun, a secret and doom-haunted, and a Shakespearean romantic burning with a hard punklike flame. Talent is frightening, and when you've read a particularly gripping and effective book it's hard to resist the temptation to attribute some of the character's dramatic changes in the author. Of course, Agatha Christie hasn't committed 30 odd murders, though she's written about them, and many of those tremendous, point-blank murder novels are written by men, when it comes to so-called serious fiction, the autobiographical fallacy rears its head sooner or later and we project onto the author, and take as literal truth, those qualities in again he or she has created. I've had that done to me so often that I should have been with some of the difference between fiction and those who make them. Still, I must have been exposing the wall of the early press coverage or the novelist's dilemma of the more aware of the novel. Otherwise I would not have been quite so surprised by the reality.

Initially she was almost as nervous about me as I was about her, and eventually, when I was giving an interview and she's not fond of being interviewed (Neither am I, so we spent most of the interview talking about the evils of interviews, after that we both felt better.) At that time she was still living in France, and being treated around Toronto by her publisher's representative she was away from home on dis-

play, and in a foreign country (Ontario). Nevertheless, she was nothing like the image I — with some help from the media — had constructed of her.

Instead I found her a perceptive and lively professional woman with a shy sense of humor. Unlike her characters, she doesn't dress in black, long, and she's in buildings, and if there are smoldering infernos of passion within they are well concealed. We discussed the myth that journalists have created of her and I finally learned that I too had expected — well, something a little more like her characters. She is fully aware that people who have never met her expect her to be depressed, frightened or weird (one magazine doing a story, told its photographer, "Take something serious, you know, no smile"). She treats this attitude with amused tolerance. "Of course one must suffer," she said with a mischievous smile, "but not constantly."

La Blais won't change in relatively pleasant and easy for her as it is now. This person I met had behind her many years of hard work, some hard times and a diversity of experience. She grew up in a Quebec City working-class family, the eldest of five. She left school at 15, worked at odd jobs and went on the fly, she also studied as an intensive student at Laval, a move that led to her "discovery" by one of her professors and on to the publication of her first novel. Despite her literary success, the minimal conditions of her life didn't change much. ("Except," she says, "I give me hope!" It wasn't till a year later, when a Canada Council grant took her to Paris, that she was able to devote all her time to writing. And it was a while before her family was able to accept her chosen profession as a respectable one.

But Paris didn't turn out to be the Mecca she might have been hoping for.

Margaret Atwood is the author of two novels, several volumes of poetry and *Survival*, a study of Canadian literature.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. G. G. G. G.



[illegible]

life in Fern was strange. Life at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was even stranger. She studied from 1962 on a Guggenheim Fellowship, knowing almost no English. She spent her time writing, reading at Widener Library—everything from Jane Austen to Shakespeare—and listening, trying to find people who would talk with her so she could learn the language (She did this very well, and now speaks good English, though she still can't French properly now and then when she comes to Paris). She lived in a very poor period of her life that she said Jean Genet, who liked her work and painted a highly being painted by Edmund White, could be dangerous — Marjorie Calverton was a very famous Canadian actress who was ransacked by the fact that White also compared her with Turgenev — but it doesn't seem to have damaged her. She has dated her last love as his memory. Calverton died several years ago, pushing into Cambridge, as it provided an erotic connection to America, and likes lived there until 1991. After the American experience, she lived on a secluded farm in Brittany, with a group of French.

Her long absence from Quebec was not deliberate and certainly not due to any prejudice against her native province, but like some abstract English-Canadian writers she's received a certain amount of undue criticism for not being on the scene.

"It's a bore," she says, adding, "Whatever country you are in, your own is perhaps more cruel."

The second time I saw Marie-Clare,

the was very much in her element. We met in a bar in Montreal, a dark, smoky, noisy den underneath the Queen Elizabeth Hotel near the railroad station. It wasn't one of her usual haunts, the cup-placed, but she was about to take a drink. She loves sitting in bars drinking beer and watching the people and she was much more relaxed and animated than she'd been in Ontario. The litany of the hour might have had something to do with it: that's a night person and seldom goes to bed before eight in the morning. "I'm always in places where there's a lot of life and electricity."

By the time she'd moved back to Quebec and had settled down to a double life. She lives in a downyow Montreal apartment in an old house and commutes to a 60-acre farm in the Eastern Townships which she shares with friends. This is why she was taking a train. She's never learned to drive, somehow, there's never been time. "There must be something wrong with the universe," she mused after we'd compared all the names we knew who she never learned.

She does, however, drive a Vespa. I didn't know what that was, so she explained it to me: it's a sort of bicycle with a motor, and I wanted to go out for a never-ending to-die-for ride.

How did it feel being back in Quebec after so many years? "I'm still dizzy," she said. She finds Quebec very busy after France; already she's involved in a cooperative writers' group — "not a political one" — that's forming, and she's hard at work on another novel called *Mémoires d'une Louise Perreault*, which she says is a semi-autobiographical study of the French literary elite and the Quebecois romantic view of it. Because of all the activity, her apartment, she claimed, was like "the nest of a rat."

"But a happy rat," a friend qualified, and she smiled. She's clearly pleased to be back, and full of enthusiasm for Quebec. "There's a great joy," she says, "that you can have from people here."

For her there are two Quebecs. There's the old one, characterized by brainy, suffering, repressed, by those indolent moods and slightly mad growth, these hulking, child-bearing Dames and (occasional) anti-poor this haunts some of her earlier books, especially *A Season in the Life of Kamour* and *The Whimsy of Fanciful Airplane*. That was, in at least partly, the Quebec of her own childhood, educated (she confesses) for her own society that specialized in judging and condemning. That Quebec ceased to be 13 to 15 years ago. "It's gone and dissolved," she says, with no regret at all.

"Very well, good-bye." The new Quebec, she thinks, is a far different place: vibrant, alive, a good place to be. "Quebec is a very free society now," she says. "The problem is not censorship, but it will be understood."

The new Quebec is also very politically aware, but when I asked her about her own political views she drew a firm line which the writer crosses, it seems, at her peril. "A writer is a person, a witness. You can make a moral position, but if you are investing yourself in political life you have to be a moral politician. *Depuis que j'écris, je suis une moraliste.*"

Shirley read a passage in one of her novels in which some financial women's children claim the local men's job, wondered whether her feelings toward women's lib ended with saint. Not at all. Although she can use the ridiculous side of anything—"That is human nature"—she has good admiration for the movement. She has a high opinion of Quebec women, who are, she thinks, very "tough and practical" compared with their European counterparts. The feeling that it's now possible to have men as friends and to discuss the issues openly with some chance of getting a sympathetic hearing. "Yes, there is a way, but you have to speak of it or else you die—the amazing thing is that you can now speak of it."

In her work, Blau is almost unique among "women writers" in that many of her protagonists are men — one is even a male homosexual! — and of the women, none are housewives. I asked her about the male protagonists. She explained that when she's writing a novel in the French novel-of-ideas tradition, concerned with philosophical concepts rather than social structure and events, she prefers a male protagonist to keep the story "pure." If he had a woman protagonist, the book would have to occupy itself more with women's concerns.

problems. Also, she finds it almost impossible for other people to regard her in a worse, not as a "woman writer." She doesn't like to compare that the final link of a chain, and in a sense, she defines them. I suggested, mistakenly, about the homosexual in *The Wolf* the dog and rape in David Simon. One could answer her had already asked her how the could was about such things without having experienced them; had she, by any chance, ever been a homosexual? "Not yet," she told him with a smile, "but that will come, no doubt." More seriously, she said, "Surely it is not impossible to project your imagination into the mind of someone else" — a very modest definition of the art of fiction writing.

Which brought us inevitably back to the books that huge mound of books how does she do it? The works in that

hands rather than steadily. Longhand is typing? "Ah," she said, "I touch-type. You must not forget: I worked as a dactyl nurse!" She's subject to distraction, which is one reason she tries to live in God's isolated place. Writing is for her

joy, but an exacting one, it takes time and concentration, and there are no shortcuts. If working is a joy, what about the unhappiness in her house? It took me several tries to frame that question, and we talked our way through its implications at some length. She certainly feels that misery is part of the eternal human condition, though with a few

Did she tell, then, that happiness was always and necessarily an illusion and that her books presented a depressed or depressing view of the world? Perhaps she envisioned the novel as a tragic form and by its very nature requires a tragic view of life. Ah yes, I said, but what about José Antonio? Mario-Chance felt that since her time the world has become more tragic — and that unqualified happy endings would be a form of literary dishonesty. What about happiness, *pe, celestidad*? "Surely," she said, "one calabazón in living."

The third time I saw her, she wasn't celebrating, she was being celebrated. She was at a dinner being given in her honor by Alhambra College at York University which was to grant her an honorary degree the next day. She was also supposed to give a speech, however, the thought of this had made her too nervous. She'd written the speech in Finnish, but Barry Coughlan, her longtime friend, was going to read it for her, in translation. That evening he was splendoring her about profusely through the crowd of admirers. Angles

The two actresses adored by a lot of people (the didn't know and who knew her only through her books. It was the other problem: were they expecting her to be composed of her own characters? Did they think she was going to show Barry Goldwater's head inside a vat of boiling water or set fire to York University? What do you say to an image? Waaaaaah, what do you say to a lot of people who think you are an image? Most of the women were in long gowns with bare shoulders. Marie-Claire was wearing a simple denim pantsuit, and she had been every time 100 years later, and she looked down at

"When she saw me she looked even more dismayed. 'Why are you here?' she said. She obviously felt the sort of uncertainty was not what a wife should be doing."

"You worried me," I said, remembering my own honorary degree received in 1962.

"I've been through it," I said. ♦

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GOD HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT

Gordon Sinclair, at 75, has no regrets

When Gordon Sinclair joined the *Toronto Star* in 1972, he was 21 years old. Since then, he's been around the world three times, written half a dozen books and earned an international reputation as a journalist, broadcaster and literary pundit. He has been often or even always short, but in his 34-year career he has never allowed Gordon Sinclair of being short. Here is that story, from his forthcoming *Memories* (to be published by McClelland and Stewart in the fall). Sinclair remembers about his early days at the *Toronto Star*, recalls previously untold anecdotes from his world sojourns and — looking back across the decades — offers a kind of summation and celebration for the life he has lived.

Lots of years have been written about Ernest Hemingway and the *Toronto Star*. My memories confirm Hemingway's ability to answer any direct question.

"Hey, Ernest, did you hear the fight last night?"

"I wasn't there." We knew he wasn't there because the fight was in Omaha.

"Mr. Hemingway, how you finished as secretary for the Havana trip?"

"I'm working on it."

"Look, Ernest, this argument about picking up girls on the boardwalk: are you sure you want to do it?"

"The boardwalk? Oh the boardwalk, the one at Berkeley?" It made no difference what anybody asked him, he didn't give a "hell" or a "no."

On the shore, walking in a trench coat with boots. Measure on the boots, sometimes loose, sometimes tight. He walked home, never turned light on his feet. When Morley Callaghan knocked him out boxing in Paris, and I beat Fitzgerald while short on, and Hemingway didn't even mention it at *A Moveable Feast*, some people seemed puzzled. Not me. The guy had no grace on his feet and he never, even as a joke, put the knuckle on himself.

Hemingway went to Kildis cafeteria in the mornings where you had up to try breakfast. But Ernest got service in

the morning. He'd go over there with his manuscript and sit down at a table for six and he'd start making notes on his manuscript, a girl would bring him cinnamon toast and coffee. He got better and sometimes on the manuscript and new orders of toast would be brought. Often he wore a hat and always the heavy boots and heavy dark moustache, as I heard. The book was *The Sun Also Rises*.

Other people would join him, but if anybody asked Hemingway a question he'd get that expression, as if it was the natural way to reply to anything.

"New York says you're doing a novel about Spain — is that the novel?"

"A man got hurt bad. Good man, bad man."

"Do you need a license to fall in Spain?"

"Good toast, but streams high up. Dark toast, nearly black."

I went that way. No answers — more cinnamon toast.

The oft-written anecdote of Hemingway's modesty about the medals he won is true in an ambivalence which dated in World War I was a hero. The guy carried those medals in his pocket — just happened to have them there.

Handmade of the Star had a hotel for what he called press dinners, anybody who was bigger than his breath. These were places that he used, and they certainly fitted his attitude toward Hemingway. He didn't want Hemingway on the Star. Hemingway was on the foreign staff working in Paris and when they decided to build at 55 King Street West, and needed to renovate it, naturally, they called him home to Toronto. Handmade wasn't very keen to have him on staff and so he gave him pretty independent assignments. I remember one where he was to go to Scandinavia with a niece — that is, a girl from the Star. She was to walk along the boardwalk and let somebody else her dad pick her up. It was considered very daring in those days, and Hemingway was to be a little behind and write the story of how it happened. A pretty in-

significant story for a man of his reputation and status. Remember, at this time, he had written his good short stories — *The Killers*, *Men Without Women*, and several of those real good, punchy short stories. These were behind him, and yet he was drawing small assignments.

No, Hemingway made an impression wherever on the Star. The top historian with a microscope could find no Hemingway story worth a dime. His best was about lighting the Austrian in the mountains. That page later turned up in *Farewell To Arms*.

All through the paper there are classes by Greg Clark, who named Hemingway, and by Morley Callaghan, who did not. But Hemingway himself, either through boredom or inability, was only going through the motions, with little passion or fire.

I say now Hemingway was affectionate toward Greg. In fact, I don't know anybody in the whole world who was not. Greg Clark is a fellow who warm treated people and people warm toward him. And certainly Hemingway found in him a confidant. If you were to ask Greg today how he feels about Hemingway, I think he would be slightly, but only slightly, less enthusiastic about how than he was when they worked together. But there was an attraction between the two and Hemingway's son, born in Toronto, was called Gregory. He is named after Greg Clark.

No pictures and no words can properly do justice to the joy of escaping travel on the great passenger liners of the Thirties when you moved in the time the age and economic milieu that I did.

Being born in 1900 I was then in my thirties — perhaps the best of all one's decades. Because of the Depression and its aftermath, you could get the best accommodations and service at reasonable or even abnormally low prices. Nothing was crowded — neither ships nor trains nor hotels. You could get aboard the *Elle de France* or book a room at the Grande Bretagne in Athens without advance reservation. When you arrived at a Euro-



ILLUSTRATION BY KENNETH FAY

Two girls were selected for my sexual needs, but despite some kidding and references to my masculinity I turned down both

poor railway station, lines of posters on overhead tracks with a colorful poster or two; downtown Montreal, with stores to visit every 10 minutes; almost any house I visited, I was told of working-class background, public school education, and on a salary that ranged between \$900 and \$1200 a week I lived like a prince.

Let me tell you about my first my around the world, a recipe that probably — although I'm not certain — is also the first reporter ever sent around the earth by a Canadian newspaper.

One morning, I was leaving breakfast on the side veranda of the Thaxton Hotel in Bangkok. Next door there were a lot of kids playing. I didn't pay much attention until they started speaking English. The more I listened, the more I wondered who they were, so I sat outside and they played and saw a boat sail on the sea of the hotel — CONSULATE OF THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE.

I asked the kids what time Dad came home, and they told me he came home at different times, but he always went away at six on this morning. A cat came for him.

Next morning I interrupted him and said I was anxious to get some man and would be necessary to go into his office in the city or did he ever arrange work at the hotel. He said I should spread the word that he never did business at home. I was intrigued to see him, then, but he had a brass plate on the door, a flag over the porch.

Good job I didn't, because the consul was all alone at the office, suggesting that I add Indo-China (now Vietnam) to his list of French possessions, Madagascar and Algeria to the list for which I'd come. Then I remembered that for several years the consul had been trying to cover the pearl colonies. He'd been blind, off French Guiana. You had always been afraid of me, as they must delicately put it, "had an obsession with a more stable time."

So I asked the consul in Bangkok if there were such a thing as an all-India attempt to cover all French colonies? He looked up a lot of papers, edited the Embassy and said, "Why not?"

There was no rubber stamp to cover such a vast task but with paper and some newspaper cuttings of the pink press, and I came away with a visa that made the newspaper cuttings money than anything else I was to write.

The "All Colonies" visa was good for three years, but I was in no hurry to use it. This could be dangerous for me day when colonial powers might be scarce. However, I decided to leave Thailand

and this offered a temporary problem. I planned to cut south through the jungle and rubber plantations of Malaya by sea, but when I went to buy a ticket, I was told I needed an exit visa. The Foreign Office was ready to do it without them and handed us the passport for an exit permit. A slim young man went through the papers and asked when I'd arrived. I didn't know the exact date. "How did you arrive?"

"By Blue Funnel Line from Singapore."

Your passport shows no place or date of arrival. Where did you arrive?"

"At the Thaxton Hotel at the house of Reginald Jackson."

Gordon Sinclair
Will Gordon Sinclair please sit down.



"Did you not use the immigration office on arrival?"

I couldn't remember.

"When does Mr. Jackson leave?"

I didn't know the date, but he said he'd be in the telephone booth.

The young man didn't bother to look that up, but went away and came back with another man who said it appeared I was illegally in the country but would have to go to a detention camp while enquiries were made.

This proved to be a crowded wooden building on the outskirts of the city and I was put into a cage of cages, a small room with carved wooden bars. It was suddenly no more for long detention because there were no windows, toilet facilities or kitchen. After a couple of hours, I was beginning to feel it was a cage about the man's property when a clerk, red coat, came along to say, "My time, you make trouble for your self!" I'm five-foot-seven, a hardly big

The sample thing came to about seven dollars, plus a six mile taxi fare and I was on my way.

Bangkok, in Burma, is a better site surrounded by high green hills. There was a short of some and a couple of buildings from which floated the Union Jack. A group of young men, who looked like musical country versions of teenage boys, stood on the jetty to welcome the once-every-week ship which brought mail, stores. They gathered from the shore of Bangkok, or even London, and, eventually, a variety.

This time I was the visitor and I was treated with enthusiastic welcome. The two officers from the ship and I were taken up a winding path to a construction office, which looked like a school, and a restaurant. For the staff, who must have had many lonely weeks, it was a classical example of making the best of a bad deal.

There were several galleys: chocolate, ice cream, dessert, soups, dishes, sandwiches, puddings and lots of middle countries. Each of these young men seemed to have one or two specialties, peas, bean-sprouts, chicken and very fat, I was assigned a room and someone went about the house of furniture, girls, or two girls, for my usual needs I had never been much of a hand for the sort of thing. Although the father of three children, I was a very lover and probably capable of blushing. The girls offered were attractive enough if you like dolls without a hint of character, and there was a spot of looking and reference to lack of masculinity when I decided against any choice.

I was not so much embarrassed as I was. I could speak no Burmese and, so, had happened to have and was to happen again, was an opportunity to make something with someone to whom I couldn't speak. Nevertheless, one of these girls, seated and then and always smiling like a robot, followed me to the room assigned to me, poured water into a basin, turned down the bed, unpacked my kit and laid out a dinner jacket.

Downstairs there was a large table with two people, tables, chairs, coffee, moving screens and pictures of King George V and Queen Mary. I was told the best looking for a familiar face and saw the two officers from the ship. It seemed to be a gentlemanly visit for, from home, but never.

That was a false impression. For a reason that is not clear to me to this minute, a group of young men's shirts decided to buy me "Five col-

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by Elaine Collart



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The Rangoon cop was looking for my gun, but stupidly I denied having one

men don't like our women, eh?" I tried to find a bit sheepishly. Denis was straight. "You got a gun, pal. We're all pretty well armed."

As the girls bowed, more freely, verbal abuse grew more pungent. Bloody sweet, money-grubbing scoundrels. Canadian officials' ignorant souls.

There was no way I could understand this. A few hours earlier I'd been the central figure of an apparently sincere welcoming committee. Now they seemed to be taking time calling me and my companions troublemakers. Eventually they got their usual reaction.

I let fly with a bunch of crap about being incompetent scoundrels who couldn't make it in a house so they were out here to Stenmet Blamgham corners of the Burmese city carrying the whole mess burden. I even brandished the two British generals' name-titles in my country. Woffs and Woffs, as my companions who in minor skirmishes managed to get themselves shot.

The Burma Chou officers' pistol had probably never heard of Woffs on Burmese, but beyond those were British generals and no colonial semi-officials was going to touch them.

I was thrown out. No dinner, no article murder. Oh.

There was the old (government) hospital, but I didn't want to go. So they could have been a lovely and peaceful occasion unless I chose to suit downriver again the following morning.

So I asked questions and picked around to find that there was a Buddhist monastery where I could stay. It was a long walk but I had no choice.

The appearance of the monastery suited me. I liked the idea. They were all young, most in short trousers and white, my greater cousin's cousin's cousin's cousin. I was soon found for me. This was small to a row of smaller rooms, most of them empty, the others occupied by Chinese. There were two wooden beds at the top of each other and a pillow on one of them — no blanket or sheet. The young men seemed to look at me, then went away and I slept well.

They got up about four, and I could hear the pleasant tinkling of bells as they went to prayer. Nobody disturbed me until nearly eight — late for that part of the world — when I was joined by four monks in a dining area where there was a long teakwood table and teakwood benches.

They gave me a bowl of what looked like dough, steamed like oat bread and was covered with thick buffalo milk

Young men who had been in the business begging for food came back with an abundance of things to eat in brass containers. Every Buddhist monk of that day had to go begging for at least one of his daily meals in house hunting. They found me an interesting curiosity, gathering around in the customary clusters several times each day.

That night, they brought me a blanket. It was white, but of a particular dark gold and black with fringes and quite warm. I was quite shocked into the end of the year when the young monks invited me to take the blanket as a gift. I have it to this day.

Occasionally, in terms of travel, I'd been required, even ordered to be armed. So I carried a Browning .32 automatic which was never fired even in target practice. On the day of my second visit to the Street in Rangoon, I'd dozed in early afternoon, closed curtains with one bag, left other gear behind and checked into the hotel.

I was wearing the typical gear of the public safety and carried the smallest pistol as my key. In my room, there was a tall bureau so I put the pistol on top and covered it with my hat. Covering the pistol with the hat was not a plan of concealment, it just happened that way on a hot day when you wanted to change your fresh clothes after a bath.

I'd just started to undress when there was a knock on the door and a man was there, a civilian towards me and he was from the police and had been told I was some associate with a loaded pistol.

"Is this true, Mr. Sinclair?"

"No."

"Why I blarney that stupid answer, I'll never know, but I said no, no pistol, even though the weapon was less than four feet away, well hidden."

"My information is usually reliable."

"Not this time, I have no pistol."

"I have no warrant to search these premises, but I have information that you came into the port and into this hotel with a pistol."

"A lie."

But I was lying like a liar for no sensible reason whatever.

"I must warn you, Mr. Sinclair, that bringing a pistol into Burma without a permit is punishable with two years of hard labor, and hard labor here is very hard indeed. There is no option of a fine if you are convicted."

"I have no pistol."

The pretty lady, this police inspector knew exactly where it was I was giving me every chance.

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About the same time as I was debating whether to take another tranquilizer, I'd read about how cocky and self-reliant I was

He then stood up and moved toward the bar. I thought I was in for it to be sure. He moved a few but advancing beyond doubt he was over the point, then faced me and said, "If you have a gun here, fuggly, there it is a way for you to defend yourself without penalty. If you should be mugged and have a pistol, you will have leverage about any day of account. You could take the pistol there, put it in the luggage and not clear the luggage, but send it on to the next port, or straight home to Canada. It could save you a lot of bother."

While at least the point was in the luggage, bound for Canada. The luggage arrived after I was home, but the point was missing.

As I write this, it's about five thirty on a rainy midwinter morning and I'm seated on a sofa overlooking Lake Michigan, some 340 miles north of Toronto.

Down the lake, two lions are crying their lonely wails to dawn. We used to have sunny lions, then they gradually disappeared from last summer when two came back. There may be the same ones. They are lions and remind me that really all my travel was done alone like these lions I seem uncomfortable around others.

And I seem to be that learning, education—finding one's way in the world—can only be done alone. Not to isolate, I don't mean this. Gaining and having the strength to make one's own decisions and choices independently, that's what I mean. And "solitude," as it's academically understood, does not signify a person's independence.

I had a conversation with Pierre Trudeau on that very point. I don't know what it was to him—say, being in the office that was could certainly not carry on a debate. He was a professor of law and the Prime Minister of Canada, and here I was with limited schooling, life and, quite explosively "spontaneous," hell! You're one of the best educated fellows in the whole damn country. You've gone around and done things and seen things." And in a way that's true.

And yet so many jobs now demand a degree before a person will be even as interested as an applicant. In my own field, journalism, you couldn't get into a proper big newspaper today with a grade eight education, such as I have, and such as the better reputation of my generation had. Today you wouldn't even be considered without a bachelor's degree. But education isn't doing all that much for modern, it's taking something

important away from them—intelligence, individuality. Whatever it is they pass, they lose contact with the world.

If you're going to become a writer, scientist, or a physician, any of those skilled professions, you must of course go to university. Somebody would be a fool in any day you could learn that on your own. But over-education for the majority has gone just too deep for a BA, what good is it? You might just as well be me. I was rigidly controlled, both at home and in my work. If you missed a day and were sick, you were locked out as a pilot. I missed what they call freedom today, but on the other hand I enjoyed discipline, and I think the young fellows of today would enjoy some—having to do certain things.

And I don't attach as much importance to possessions and money, either. You reach a certain point. I've got books and cars and summer homes and all the rest of that sort. It can become a burden. A burden of possessions—that's one of Greg Clark's slogans.

A lot of people go to physicians and run to their pastors or somebody to be straightened up in their own minds as to what they are, as where they're going, or what they want. I went through that period and it was terrible. I didn't seek any professional advice but I used to cry and feel out people to see if they were having the screaming memories too. I read books that contradicted each other, tried tranquillizers and the bottle. Both helped temporarily but afterward still dreams grew worse.

During this period I sometimes read about myself as lonely, cocky, self-reliant, and there I was debating whether to take another tranquilizer.

One day I dropped into a pub used mainly by drivers and truckers. I thought they'd be friendly and unassuming. When they talked about bad roads, rusty repairs for their trucks, untruly kids, nagging wives and how poor

kept on getting higher and higher.

I went back to that place several times, probably beginning to see their problems and then forgetting my own, which were largely imaginary anyhow. One day a guy came over and said, "If you are Gordon Sinclair?" I said I was and he brought me a beer. After that several others brought me beers and the next time I went in half the place wanted to buy me a beer so I didn't go back anymore. I had to love with myself and growing old was part of it.

You've got to be yourself, to live with yourself, and you're never going to get rid of yourself. No matter where you go, and I've been lots of places, you're still there. You can tell when you're being sort of a bitch or a bastard, as I have certainly been at times, and you don't have to be told that. And certainly I don't hold any grudges against anybody. I have probably been criticized and dismissed about and found that with as much as anybody in Canada outside of politics.

The interesting thing about it is that when people call you a kink, a peepot or worse you don't have to do anything about it. There is clearly always a deflator, and the older you get the warmer the deflator or at least the acceptance, by others.

When those words are read, if at all, I'll be 75 or more. A bit shaky, sometimes usually frightened of my own shadow, but still a journeyman as reporter. I'm the news broadcaster regularly seen or heard on Canadian TV or radio. My wife has been an invalid for almost a year and is not likely to walk again but we've had a truly wonderful life. No king could have had better.

The world has always had its doom creens, elderly hawks and pillars of pessimism and now they are in full cry that the human race is close to life and always has been. Down deep in the human spirit there is something eternal and you and I are part of it. R.C.

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GOOD-TIME HAROLD

An audience with the Emperor of Maple Leaf Gardens
BY ROY MacSKIMMING

The plump yellow-back fermes of Maple Leaf Gardens, squinting lazily on its city block in midtown Toronto like something the glaciers left behind, contains one NHL regulation-size hockey rink, 18,316 seats painted gold, red, blue, green and grey (most of them upholstered), dressing rooms, refreshment stands and ticket windows, and a sporting goods store. It also contains (and this isn't the least bit apparent from inside or out) an indelibly furnished apartment.

There's a bedroom with Wedgwood-blue brocade, two beds with gold-trimmed blue spreads and matching canopy. The bathroom comes equipped with sauna, the kitchen with the latest appliances. There's a sitting room for whiling, and a much larger office for working. In spite of its spaciousness the office manager to whom I was directed because of all the photographs and other memorabilia festooning its wood-paneled walls — walls that date back to renaissance small library (century paper-backed) and a four-sided bar.

The occupant of this office-apartment doesn't drink himself. He prefers the hard candies, mints and chocolates that fill boxes placed strategically around the room, or the bottles of Fritos and Tostitos that crowd his refrigerator.

He is 47-year-old Harold E. Ballard and he was able to have those apocalyptic quarters built for himself in Maple Leaf Gardens because he owns the joint (now valued at \$30 million) or at least 83% of it, which means he also owns the Grandstand beer-house next, the Toronto Maple Leafs hockey club.

Since his wife, Dorothy, died in 1969, Ballard has spent too time on the water at his suburban Radnorville home, the home that figured so prominently in his 1972 fraud-and-theft trial because he'd had a remodelled with Gardens' money and more since in his office-apartment or on the rink with the Leafs. The man who slept alone for years in a narrow dormitory room in Midtown mansion society centre now has 16,000 people over for an evening's hockey, or 16,000

for a rock concert. The crowds stream just a few steps from his pillow.

On my way up the escalator to Ballard's office I passed Johnny Bower going down Bower, whom my police-friend heroes I'd observed for years when he was the Leafs' goalie, is a mean recent one. I wondered what he'd think of Alice Cooper, the ghoulish American rock band which would be filling the Gardens the following week, performing just about where Bower used to play net. Stripping off the resistance I ducked into the stairs for a minute, to gaze at some hockey players circling the ice lazily at the beginning of practice.

The first thing I said to Ballard was, "I was just watching the Marlies practice." Ballard, posed on his chair with remarkable agility for his first time, looked at me with an appraising eye. "You'd think they were the Marlies, wouldn't you?"

"You mean

"That's right. They're the Leafs."

"Well, I was startled," Ballard pressed gently. The joke was half on me, half on himself. After all it was his team that was fading from contention. The Leafs would be eliminated from the Stanley Cup play-off the next evening by the Philadelphia Flyers, four games to none.

Deep balding creases ran down either side of Ballard's mouth. His name given to thoughtful eye-creaking under the grilles and bars and scowls I'd been led to expect. At that first meeting he was dressed like a summer tourist in a short-sleeved navy-blue shirt, a white tie with big blue polka dots, teal-blue slacks and sporty two-tone shoes. It wasn't a costume calculated to distract attention from his formidable grin, but that typical of the man, he hides very little. Even himself wide open all the time. Such vulnerability isn't a hazard to him it seems, because he has the total self-acceptance of a thug, or a rather apertured one, with a hole in mask. Harold Ballard appears? That suggests ex-convict, symbol of the grumpy grasping tycoon?

But symbols aren't people and Bal-

lard is as complicated and paradoxical as anyone else. He has informed us at least one respect, having embarked on that most North American pastime, the diet, he has lost 40 pounds. But he still doesn't look remotely like the 18-year-old who on Canadian speed-skating records for 228, 440 and 590 yards ("I set those records because everyone else in the races fell down," he explained, which gives you an idea of how far he was before the diet. All the Fritos and Tobacs are sugar-free now).

"I used to drink 30 of these things a day," Ballard said, waving a paw toward a Coke. "It was nothing for me to eat a couple of pounds of ice cream in one day either. Anybody with a five-pound box of chocolate had to look out, he might get his arm snapped off." Somehow, all his excess weight has never slowed Ballard down. A typical strategy for him this past hockey season goes as follows:

In New York Sunday night for a Leaf game, a meeting with players and a New York radio interview the next morning, a flying trip with Leaf vice-president King Clancy to take in the men in Philadelphia that afternoon, back to New York and out to Denver Tuesday morning, to look over player proposals from the Denver Spurs, to Las Vegas for pleasure that evening, in Oakland Wednesday for a Leaf game, followed by a flight on the Red Eye Special to midweek, arriving in Chicago at 5 a.m. and thence to Toronto by seven.

All this reinforces the image of Ballard as a self-aggrandizing opportunist, a 47-year-old Anglo-Saxon Daddy Knows. Indeed, when I was in his office he took a phone call from his boyhood friend Red Fiske of Fiske Advertising about the advertising contract that was up for renewal for the famous Maple Leaf calendar that hangs in prominently every locker and smokes shop in Ontario. Ballard told Fiske, "I don't care if Export 'A' has had the calendar for 30

Roy MacSkimming is book editor of the Toronto Star and author of *Forty Wives*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM HARRIS



"I listen to Clancy and Kelly and Gregory, and if I agree with them I go along. But I make the final decisions. It's my money"

years. I went a hundred thousand for it the first time and if they want pay is, someone else will."

But a few minutes after Foster's call, another copy of the Ballard pardon surfaced. King Clancy came into the office with a worried look—Clancy always has a worried look on his face—for what I was sure would be his next. Leaf consultation from which I'd be excused.

Clancy said, "Eddie Shuck's devotion and he wants to know what you think of his case buddy."

"I think it looks terrific," said Ballard. "But he wants to be sure you've seen it." Clancy emphasized, frowning.

"Tall him sure I've seen it, and it looks great, just great," Ballard rambled joyously.

Clancy nodded, frowns came again, and hurried off on his mission.

Ballard desired a smile at me which had more of the Buddha about it than the lot of a Daddy Yankee. "I had Eddie's done buddy pretty for him."

Perseverence, certainly, but also Ballard didn't have to do that small kindness for Shuck, who didn't even get into uniform for the Leafs' playoff games. Just as Ballard didn't have to give the Gardens no free of charge to the Tony Tyler Tournament, proceeds to the Society for Crippled Children, for which he has worked as a fund-raiser for years, just as he didn't have to employ a couple of ex-felon-Milwaukee citizens as the Gardens along their road to rehabilitation. Where you own the recreation facility does, perhaps it's easy to do these things for other people. In his position most of us just wouldn't bother.

On the other hand, just to keep the man in perspective, he can exercise his power in petty ways too. When he regained personal control of the Gardens in 1972, he behaved wickedly toward Tom Smythe, one of his deceased partner Stafford Smythe and then manager

of the Madison team. "Whether young Smythe keeps his job depends on how good a job he does," Ballard told the Toronto Star. "Let's say I hope I could be impressed by some good growth and a Memorial Cup championship." The Smythe family had just failed in an attempt to block Ballard's take-over of the Gardens.

"The worst thing that ever happened to me was my wife's death," Ballard said. A large color photograph of Dorothy Ballard hangs in his home on the wall behind his head. She appears to have been a friendly, gentle-looking lady in her middle age, standing in the sun on their cottage balcony with the blue Georgian Bay behind her. People will tell you that her grief was the perfect fuel for Ballard's great victory.

"It was after the death that I really brought this place alive," he said. "There used to be a lot of dark nights around here."

Tom is a three-year partnership with Stafford Smythe (Grimm's founder, Cousin Smythe's son) and John Bassett (former publisher of the Toronto Telegram, former owner of the Toronto Argonauts, present CFTO-TV head) and then at majority owner, Ballard has been responsible for the reconstruction of the Gardens from a hockey cathedral, which it was in Cousin Smythe's day, to a year-round entertainment palace. It's said that of all Ballard's decisions made, attraction to manage Peter Lunnus has the most freedom. Ballard may have no use for rock music (the Blues Discharged) but he has a great appreciation of profit statements.

And just Cousin Smythe told me, "Ballard and Ballard has done more to help for hockey than any living man. He and I may disagree on the ethics of certain things, but I certainly don't disagree with his results."



"There again, it might even save our heads."

Ballard is hardly a paragon in the House That Smythe Built, he joined the Leaf organization in the Thirties, after organizing and managing the National Sea Fleets, which was the world hockey championship in 1932. He became responsible for the Madison teams, both sports and junior.

Stafford Smythe played under Ballard before the war and later became his close friend. Smythe coached the junior Marlies while Ballard managed them, and they won two Memorial Cups. Later still, they called themselves "The Golden Boys."

They joined forces with Bassett to buy out Smythe Sr. in 1961. There were profitable years for Gardens shareholders, and the Leafs did well too, winning three consecutive Stanley Cup championships. Indeed, between 1962 and 1964 Smythe and Ballard purchased Bassett's shares to September 1971, for about six million dollars, and then in February, 1972, several weeks after Stafford's death from a blood clot, Ballard seems to have acquired 57.5 million, borrowed from the Toronto-Dominion Bank, to buy Stafford's stock from the family. This charged the Smythes slightly, but the money covered Stafford's considerable debts.

Ballard hasn't always had this kind of borrowing power. His father was a musician who made the leap to the upper middle class by building up the Ballard Skin Company, eventually sold to the Star Line Company of Detroit, Mich. Nova Scotia. Ballard started his own business, Harold E. Ballard Limited, in 1930, supplying machinery in Toronto's garment industry. He showed the business last year, long after I had given him the financial review he had sent the Gardens association.

"I always had dreams of owning an NHL club," Ballard told me. "Even when I was operating the Sea Fleets and we were the MacBoswell's, undoubtedly, I owned some Maple Leaf Gardens stock. Whenever I had a few dollars, I'd buy some. I could use the money and tell the way hockey was going. You didn't have to be a Rhodes Scholar to know I would be a winner some day."

He never owned a Leaf game, or a Madison game if he can help it. "I like to formulate my own opinions about players. All the decisions about personnel are mine in the end. Of course I want to listen to the scouts and King Clancy and [possibly] Rod Kelly and [present manager] Rex Gregory. The more consultation the better, and if I agree with their point of view I'll go along with it."

But doesn't that tend to erode the authority and self-confidence of the coach and general manager? "It's my money," he grunted. "There's no appeal, apparently, from the perspective of appeal."

Leaf fans told there are many of them who feel that Ballard's one-man control has damaged the team, may be delayed to know this but, referring to it as "But he'll never sell the Gardens' stock where the big profits are."

Ballard talked extensively about the past sports complex he wants to build not far from the Gardens. He envisions it as including a hockey arena holding 25,000 spectators, a football and baseball stadium (for the major league baseball franchise he hopes to bring to Toronto) and convention facilities, and it seems born as a Toronto version of Juan Diego. But he'll hold on to Maple Leaf Gardens.

"The Gardens could be turned into anything: a parking garage, a storage warehouse, a refrigeration plant—there's lots of people around looking for refrigeration—or we could make ice cubes to sell at all the bars around here after we've got the ice-making machines. Or you might have made the Royal York suite in one day! Well, there's no reason why the Gardens couldn't be an important asset to you, you can get up to beat foot any of the major clubs."

I remarked that it would be to use the Gardens go that way. "Oh I suppose so," Ballard said across the 15 year tapping-out ages. "But come members on You can't read all."

That last fatherly statement as beloved of developers and Rotarians, is typical of Ballard's old-fashioned business. But as much as he'd like to be remembered as the man who thought major league baseball to Toronto or made hundreds of thousands of dollars for privileged kids and the naturally talented, or made his shareholders rich, Harold E. Ballard will be remembered by many as the playboy who went to prison.

On October 20, 1972, Ballard was sentenced in Ontario court to three years for fraud and three years for theft, the terms to run concurrently. It was the culmination of a six-week trial and a dogged three-year investigation by federal tax investigators and, later, Metro found squads into the way Ballard and Stafford Smythe had run the Gardens.

Smythe, who was 15 years younger than Ballard, had died before the trial began. He had been charged with fraud and theft involving Gardens operations, amounting to some \$395,000. Ballard's conviction was on 47 counts involving a total of nearly \$265,000.

The fraud related to the use of Gardens money to pay for Ballard's per-

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"I knew they wanted to make an example of me at the trial, so I did what I thought they wanted me to do, and went to jail"

swind expenses, from such gloriously large sums as house and carriage insurance, paying over seven such in makeovers for his sons and luxurious service at his daughter's wedding. The theft incident concerned charges that Ballard and Seydlitz had diverted to a private bank account, although they were owned by the Marlborough hockey club owned by the Gardens.

During the trial, Crown prosecutor Clay Powell charged that Ballard had used Maple Leaf Gardens, a publicly traded company, "as a private banking account" as perquisites. Finally, from 1965 to 1966, he has found judgment, County Court Judge Barry Deyman of Peterborough found "a clear pattern of fraud" throughout the evidence. Arguing for the defence argument (by prosecutor Toronto (former) J. J. Beherer) that Ballard had not known of the misuse of Gardens funds, Judge Deyman stated: "The problem is, did Mr. Ballard know that this was occurring and was he party to it?" In my view, the evidence is not open to any other rational conclusion but that he was."

Ballard served one year of his sentence before being paroled from Millhaven. He insists now that he has paid his debt to society and the Gardens — he made one year's contribution of the money before entering the penitentiary — and the case is closed and he doesn't see why people want to re-birth it, and he's right, in a way. Except for two things: One, he should know that somebody who has made himself so visible, who known and thrown on publicity, must take the bad publicity with the good — and there has been plenty of good.

Second, and more important, there is something truly extraordinary about Ballard's trial and prison saga, namely that he went through a prolonged public humiliation and punishment (a year is a prison long time at the end of your life) that would have broken most other men, and come out the other end bloodily but unbowed and, if anything, more indomitable than before.

It's precisely this, of course, that upsets people. Similarly, Ballard's reputation for remarks about how controversial and well-loved he was at Millhaven and how he couldn't wait to get back, made to the press while he was out on a three-day pass, caused a public furore. Politicians and others demanded that he be sent to a real prison, with cell bars and surveillance and heard no more, so much less a lesson.

There is a conversation among people close to Ballard that he was scooped up

in a not really intended for Ballard, and that Ballard had been caught out by the authorities because of the extraordinary immunity he enjoyed in so many people. But even Ballard doesn't deny doing the things he was charged with.

"Sure I had the Gardens pay for repairs to my house. I didn't know it was being done at first, that it was a system Ballard had introduced, but in the end I knew. But what I did is in the general run of business activities. I didn't fight it at the trial because I knew they wanted to make an example of me. So I did what I thought they wanted me to do, and went to jail."

And it wasn't, in fact, such a terrible experience compared to the embarrass-



ment of the trial publicity. "The prison officials were very kind to me. I wasn't treated in a very hard-nosed manner. I was able to keep in touch with the Gardens by phone every day, and Clancy came down once or twice a week. There wasn't a day went by when some friend or newspaper guy didn't come down. I was never lonely."

All of which makes it easier to understand how Ballard's psyche survived the experience. On top of that, he claims he felt no pain in prison — a word blood sport certainly, an undignified, ungraceful. And on top of that, he had a job. He was kept busy looking after the accounts of prison supplies. He had no office, and a desk, and ledger books to keep.

Not among the photographs on Ballard's office walls are some color snapshots taken while he was in Millhaven. Ballard appearing in front of a mirror, smiling. Harold in the washroom wearing a yellow hood hat, smoking. Ballard at his desk, just like at the Gardens smoking. The summer of Harold's "red" is a very hot direct rebellion, decorated with the portrait of Dorothy that now hangs in his office.

Even in prison, Harold was a boss. Ballard keeps these snapshots in a black binder, which also contains letters he wrote, sometimes from each people to former partner John Rosset (for whom he helped to make seven million dollars) and Toronto police chief Harold Adamson and fellow-owners of Mill, items, each letter preserved in clear plastic. Twice he broke the binder out, thrust it under his nose and read some of these letters aloud to me, his index finger running along under the lines, his powerful nose quivering slightly, not reading every word with precision, as if he'd never taken the trouble to read properly or perhaps because he'd memorized the letters from so many repetitions and wasn't really reading at all.

For the first time in my presence he looked his age, an old man sensually judging his life through the words of others. For a moment too he seemed to believe Corey Seydlitz's description of him as "a resurrection of the old man" — the businessmen who were where they wanted and benefited other things and took what they could get, knowing full well the penalty was death."

It's an overly romantic description, no doubt. Ballard once called Seydlitz "a miserable old bastard" or "stupid."

But Ballard has had at least two grotesque scrapes with death, both during the Thimble. One occurred when he became friendly with a stunt pilot at the Canadian National Exhibition and went up with him "to do a few flies." They didn't get enough altitude (Ballard's extra weight) and hit the top branches of a tree at the edge of a farmer's field. Both men were hurled out of the plane cockpit. Ballard soared through the air like a bird and landed in a haystack — unharmed. The pilot had an ear torn off, his jaw broken and was almost killed. Ever since, Ballard has said, he's felt as if he's living on borrowed time. He still longs to fly.

In the other incident, Ballard and two friends, Rod Foster and speed boat racer Jimmy Rogers, were captured by a high wave were riding in Toronto harbor, and Rogers was drowned. After being rescued, Ballard went back out and dragged for the body until he found it. In the meantime it had gone over the radio that Ballard had drowned too, and a reporter arrived at the Ballard Sr. home-hold for a photograph.

"Father," Ballard's mother asked, "Harold's been drowned."

"Oh no he hasn't," Ballard's father replied, "just tell them to keep looking for him. He'll be there." ☐





GOOD-BYE, BURMA-SHAVE

Before neon, there was the painted word

Remember the information explosion? The information explosion was discovered when somebody noticed that we were being yelled at all the time by radio, television, billboards, posters, films, newspapers, magazines, highway signs, and all the rest of them. We were all supposed to go deaf and blind and crazy because of the enforced variety of our perceptions.

But while we were worrying about the information explosion, somebody somewhere was eliminating it. The fastest now is to make everything look like everything else, to homogenize experience, every office building looks like every other office building, every gas station like every other gas station. And it seems odd that that's terrible, too.

Take the signs on these pages. Take them very carefully, or, in fact, read out from them and put them somewhere safe, because in another five years you won't be seeing these anymore. They are the dearest few expressions of civilization that

don't pay off these days: the corner grocery store, the small-town post office, the fire-alarm hotel next to the bus station on the main and only street in the town, everybody grew up in.

If the life goes, the art goes. It would be easy to blame it all on the Americans. But a lot of the signs are always been American: the Philip Morris billboard, the Texaco fire chief hat. It was a mixture of our innocence, homogeneity, that we thought the Wrigley game had lived in Kansas, Canada. He really lived in New York City, but we didn't find out about that until they took him away from us.

The supermarket dismantled the country store. The car eliminated the horse.

In 1886, Sir William Ramsay and Morris W. Travers, in a spirit of scientific inquiry, isolated the element neon, as most gas that makes up about 90/100 of dry air. Somebody put neon color into a tube under low pressure, ran some

electricity through it, and lo! it was art form. Small businesses couldn't handle neon. The new signmaker was a technician before he was an artist (or merely an artist with an eye for neon). So the small craftsman went broke, or to art school to learn how to paint neon tube signs.

None of this is tragedy. It's progress. And progress creates art out of obscurity and safety. As signs, operating signs in a modern city, these signs would be as probable as blacksmiths on an Oldsmobile car-assembly line. As art, as artifacts, they are sounds of loss.

But it is important to remember that there was a world in which the Pepsi-Cola door handle was always mounted crooked on the wood, rattle from left to right, in which everybody wanted to be a fireman when he grew up, and in which you were supposed to claw game after every meal because it was good for you. Like the Wrigley kid in the last Ramsay-bomb! — WILLIAM CAMERON





SHE WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH OF BIG BEAR

History calls him traitor, but history sometimes lies

BY MARIA CAMPBELL

Canadian school history tells us very little about Big Bear the Coss Chief and Medicine Man whose people fought with Louis Riel in the Saskatchewan rebellion of 1885. I was taught to reject that Big Bear was a murdering savage, a traitor to Queen and Country.

Big Bear opposed the Indian Treaty of 1876 under which the Indians were to agree to give up all claims to their country and settle on Reserve lands. He believed the treaty to be unjust and led his people to battle with the government. The government was not prepared to make a better deal. With the buffalo herds, which were their only source of livelihood, wiped out, his people dying from hunger and disease, Big Bear's warriors led a revolt and decided to suppress the rebellion being organized by Louis Riel.

As a little child I was told by the old people of my community that Big Bear opposed the decision to go to war, but he lost control of his warriors who were hungry, angry and hungry. So when the decision was made by the council to join Riel, Big Bear had the choice of leading them or staying behind. He chose to lead his warriors in their last unsuccessful stand against the King's Lake, Alberta, in April of 1885.

Big Bear was found guilty of treason by the Canadian government and served two years in the St. James Newman Prison penitentiary in Manitoba after his release he married in Saskatchewan, to a small piece of land called the Poundmaker Reserve. He was no longer Chief. Government had been introduced and chiefs were being elected. He died the next year.

If the events that shaped his destiny occurred today and if I represented him in the way he did then, our children might have been taught that he was a great man and leader of a free people. He did not wage war in another country, he did not force his subjects on another people. Big Bear fought for his people's way of life, for their freedom and known agency and he did it in his native land.

Last summer, I learned that Big Bear's daughter-in-law, Mary FookMe, was still living on Poundmaker Reserve. I decided to visit the area and talk with her about his last years.

There's something very special about Indian land and I felt it as soon as I entered Poundmaker Reserve. A sense of peace, harmony and beauty that I seldom feel anywhere else. This is Big Bear's land, all that is left of a huge domain once ruled by a great warrior, Chief and Medicine Man.

Poundmaker Reserve is small, nestled deep in the Eagle Hills approximately 30 miles west of North Battleford, Saskatchewan. It is picturesque and heavily wooded with the maple trees of recent growth in the air. The old wagon road that I remember from 20 years ago when I used to visit there as a child is now a good gravel highway and the log houses have made way for log homes. These are the only visible changes. The houses are still clustered close together for comfort and warmth. The children still wear from the side of the road as we used to. Here and there tents are set up for the summer visitors. Women graze peacefully in the meadows where their horses stand happily with pools of grass and berries.

I came to Poundmaker to visit a very special lady. She is very old. She doesn't know for certain how old she is, but her eyes are able to say. "I am not 100 years old yet."

She's the widow of Honechah, youngest son of the Coss Chief, Big Bear. Her home is a small three-room frame house on the exact spot where she and Honechah had their first cabin years ago. It is tidy and well kept with a real fire around it and a beautiful view of the hills.

Her Christian name is Mary FookMe and she doesn't know for sure how she ended up with that. She much prefers to be called by her Indian name, See-so-

can-ka-poo, which means "Little Stones On The Prow."

"Mother, while she was carrying me, dreamed of many those little stones so when I was born that is what she called me," she explained. Many Indians people have received names in that way.

See-so-can-ka-poo is a tiny lady, remarkably beautiful, with long braids and black eyes, spotted and shaggy. Her brown, wrinkled face glowed as she recalled the good times of her husband, her marriage to Honechah and her life with him. But sometimes, remembering bitter days her face would cloud with sadness and she would look out of the window toward the hills, remaining silent for a long time. Then she would sigh and come back to what she was saying.

"No, my son did not give homes for me," she laughed. "He didn't give anything. You see when I was a girl we were already poor. The agencies [Indian Affairs] had already stolen away all our horses and grain because they were afraid we would fight."

"The men had to use bones and arrows and game was very scarce—mostly rabbits and other small creatures. There was so much dying because few people didn't have the strength to fight the diseases that came with the white men. We didn't have warm clothing for the long hard winters. There was no food to make them and we couldn't afford to buy their clothes. It was very hard for our people to be put on small pieces of land and told to stay there. The small piece of land almost destroyed us."

"What was he like?" I asked her. "My son?" she said, and her eyes lit up. "He was very kind to me, he looked after me well. I have never taken another man since he left, because I knew I will never find another man like him."

Maria Campbell is a Calgary free-lance writer and author of *Black Bird*.



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The guards raised their guns. Big Bear told his son: "Sit up; let them shoot you in the head so you can die like a warrior"

"Did many men have more than one wife?"
"No, not that many. Roundmaker had four wives."

"Did he have to be rich to have so many?" I asked.

She laughed. "Oh no, but it helped. She was the kind of man that women wanted. He looked after them and treated them well."

"Did your men have more than one wife?"

"No, he had only me." Then with a twinkle, "He didn't need any more."

She showed me a picture of her only son, who died at the age of 12 during the 1919 flu epidemic. She and Henscheid had no other children.

We sat quietly together for a long time, smoking and enjoying our tea. I was reluctant to bring her back to the present, but gradually she began to speak about her father-in-law, Big Bear.

"Big Bear was a great man," she said, "and his people loved him very much. He was very wise and gentle and his medicine was powerful. He went to prison, you know, but it was not his fault."

"Remember, I told you our people were very poor. The young men were angry. Big Bear was better, too, but he knew that if they fought the government they would never win. They were already outnumbered and more and more white people were coming. It must have been very hard for him. As chief he was responsible for his people who were angry from hunger and sickness. He was helpless to stop it. Then new came out of the half-breed uprising at Ratoule and the men held council. Although Big Bear talked until he could talk no more against fighting the warriors and they would fight. Big Bear was chief, so he had to lead his people to war."

Although Big Bear was not in favor of war, his judgment was overruled by his council. It was the chief's duty to lead his people, not to make decisions for them. It was his chance to go with them or to stay behind. Big Bear chose to go.

The rebellion Mary Peltier spoke of was already well advanced when Big Bear heard of it. Louis Riel had come back to Canada from the United States at the request of the people of Saskatchewan who feared they were losing their land and their civil rights to the advancing railroad and the soldiers from the East. Many persons had been sent to Ottawa in behalf of the Indians, white and half-breeds of the territory but they had been ignored as lost by the eastern governments. The final outcome was an

armed uprising in the spring of 1885, led by Riel, and it was after this conflict that Big Bear led his people.

See-a-com-ko-poo continued: "This is what Henscheid told me. After the fighting at Frog Lake they had to escape. There were some bush people [Cree] from Northern Saskatchewan with them and these people said to come to their land. Because their land was full of moose and heavy bush, they thought it would be impossible for those inexperienced soldiers to follow."

"They split up into two groups. One group of seven men led by the other side of the river and walked until they reached Duck Lake. They wanted until it was night and under the cover of darkness went to the home of a half-breed. Big Bear knew. This man's wife made them soup and hid them."

"That night, the men stayed up late planning their escape. Big Bear asked the half-breed to take them across the river and he agreed. Henscheid was supposed to be sleeping but he listened to them talking and he heard his father-in-law say to his son with me: 'I cannot take my son with me.' He knew he'd be left behind so he didn't go to sleep. Late that night, when Big Bear and the men were sleeping, he heard the half-breed shouting at their tent. Big Bear came up, looked at his son and crawled out of the tent. Henscheid started to follow his father but his son grabbed him and tried to hold him back. He fought with her until he got away. Big Bear and the men were already in the bush. The women and children crawled out of the tent and hid behind as the soldiers would not harm them and they could make their way home from there. Henscheid moved over to the house and climbed in beside his father. This is the first time Big Bear ever spoke sharply to his son."

"He said, 'You think you are a man now, that is good. But being a man means that you must be prepared to die. Tonight we may all be killed.' Big Bear never spoke sharply to his son."

See-a-com-ko-poo stopped here for a long time and I didn't interrupt her thoughts. She got up slowly and poured herself another cup of tea. The memory of it seemed to be going far past. She was talking for me but tragic were in her husband's life and, like all good Indian storytellers, she made it so vivid that I felt her pain also.

At last she said, "I cannot remember exactly what happened after. They were all captured finally and taken to the police barracks and from there to RCMP Mountain Penitentiary. The women that

ing from the river. He crawled up the small hill where Big Bear was lying to watch for the soldiers. Together they watched a steamboat going by."

"The soldiers on the boat were watching the island very closely but did not see anyone. They didn't stop until they were around a bend in the river. They made camp and the wind carried the smell of cooking food back to our people who had not eaten for 12 days. The smell of the frying meat was so good they were almost fainting."

"While the soldiers were eating, Big Bear and his people moved to the other side of the river and walked until they reached Duck Lake. They wanted until it was night and under the cover of darkness went to the home of a half-breed. Big Bear knew. This man's wife made them soup and hid them."

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ALL THAT'S LEFT OF BIG BEAR

In a small bag, in a small room in New York City, the great spirit rests
BY RUDY WIEBE

In a New York subway a man is leaning over me, left hand hooked on the bar above, the right gripping down the car. With each level lunge of the train his mouth opens almost against my ear. He is an old man, trying to explain when I want get off the train to find the American Museum of Natural History, but there seem to be too many more in too many levels still screaming beside and over and under us through the Manhattan rock, no matter how close he might be, almost quite below head enough for me to understand him. Gradually something emerges "... then express, outside the local ... back ..."

When the train finally stops he gets me through the breezy doors, pointing, a friendly unfriendly man who smiles between the large pads clamped like earplugs on his head. Somewhere under there he may be wired for Moscow. The train shrinks away, but above me, or perhaps below, another is coming. Up the moving stairs I find I want to another grand green tunnel where for an instant nothing moves. The father of a Cree girl I know has, she thinks, a power thing with women; there may be one in his suited battle which has garb that no longer puts up with in the house. If I told him about these untamed steel women, I believe he would never again step so much as in a suicidal poplar. So what am I doing here? I'm riding a man bound on a cold January day on the Poundmaker Reserve in Saskatchewan in 1931, sometime who for me is far from dead. His name is Big Bear. For several years I have tried to follow him by visiting the places where he lived from his birthplace near the North Saskatchewan River to Frog Lake, Alberta, in the north, to the Missouri River, Montana in the south, to find more of him, to see what is left of what he saw in this long lifetime before 1933 when he said the Plains Cree who followed him rode over the prairie wherever the spirit moved them. New York is the last stop

Big Bear in New York? Not voluntarily of course, but the random arrival one here don't actually seem that much different from the limestone-and-steel corridors of Stoney Mountain Penitentiary, high above the Manhattan plain, where I followed him a year ago. Escape for some and that.

On March 26, 1879, the *Saskatchewan Herald* explained who Big Bear was: "All the tribes — that is the Sioux (of Sitting Bull), Blackfoot (of Crowfoot), Blood, Nez Percé, Assinibouin, Kootenay, Cree and Sisseton — now form but one party, having the same mind. Big Bear up to this time, cannot be accused of uttering a single objectionable word, but the fact of his being the head and soul of all our Canadian Plains Indian tribes seems for conjecture."

The Herald was quoting a man who knew. Father Festus, OMI, veteran priest of the Saskatchewan mission at Mission, who were also raising the phum that died of a war of 1870-79 because the buffalo no longer came within 300 miles of Mission. The Métis, led by Gabriel Dumont, were waiting with Big Bear's people at the forks of the Red Deer and South Saskatchewan rivers. By the spring of 1879 it was fastly becoming clear even to government officials that the buffalo were on the brink of extinction, that 10,000 prairie Indians, already decimated by smallpox, were actually dying of malnutrition. Several thousand had wintered with Big Bear at the forks because there were still some buffalo there and because he allowed all the ancient and traditional chiefs (in contrast to Herbert's Boy and government sanctioned chiefs) had never signed any treaty, surrendered anything to the white man. Clearly, if the prairie Indians were to get a better treaty than the one which was, an Lieutenant Governor Morris explained so carefully in 1876, "offered to a girl since they had still their old mode of living." Big Bear

was the leader to get it. Without the buffalo there was no "mode of living" for the Indians on the plains — they needed for more than "gifts."

When I emerge from underground, the first or about Central Park West, amidst of leafy trees, of grass, but soon pervasively of dust and of of passages mounting on a breeze wheeled against the city force. Inside the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Entrance to the American Museum of Natural History the air is cleaner, and there is a sense of the Rough Rider Pathfinders preceding. The room hall is enormous, people rise there like whoppers rising and then at the telephone booth I discover that I have come all the way across the continent and somehow missed the letter I need to get myself beyond the public display to the grounds of the museum visit. I search again until I find the last of another I want, but no letter. I must have a name to call. I ask for the museum directory and a woman hands me a 50-page book in double columns. Confused as I am, I find an unnumbered in a row-over-the-buffalo hall I can find a woman in a New York building? Or was it a man? I find "Department of Anthropology." I can get a pass.

The Plains Indians' artifacts are not underground, and I'm happy about that, following Dr. Philip Gilford, the man in charge of them, up some steps and into steps, through the doors and up to a small door which, unlocked, breathes automatically of air conditioning. There can be no window here and when the light clicks on it is as if out of the darkness an entire culture has exploded; the tiny room is consumed, suffled light. Gilford's White feather English at the University of Alberta and his son, The Temptation of Big Bear, was the Governor General's award for 1973.

He fasted and prayed until finally, out of his suffering, the overlord of all bear spirits came — the Great Parent of Bear

feed in working his way in but I skip in the doorway, finally what I can see are buffalo robes folded hulk out on benches on the floor and on the metal shelves, and then gradually these are heaped brokenware and drums and more robes and pelts and incredible beaded robes and heavy beaded and black copper kettles and whips and beaded mittens and saddlebags and parkies and a few shaped shells and beaded gun cases crusted with unbelievable porcupine-quill embroidery.

Gifford is pulling open drawers: "The Minkabow, inside stuff is in 'bets, somewhere," he says. "It's all combined very simply and is under." The innest outer side of the buffalo skins seems to be in nylon and on the other side the only hair is almost none. But in deeper you find a lot of hair — what is it? — curly, curly, of brown opening, warmth is if the animal were still alive beneath you down, leeching. "Yeah, that must be it. That what you wanted to see? Mr. Weib?"

That has been He, he's holding a small grey sack toward me, grey canvas I see webbed and poked with holes very much like the beaver canvas I remember from my family's back farm in Saskatchewan. I stare so long he says, "We the residents all right, here," and he's about to put out what's inside the sack and I keep forward and take it from him.

Just holding it I should — well, I'm no primitive. I can't defy classification. I've come more than 4000 miles by jet and bus and railway and only about half a mile on my own feet and just one step actually on the ground, so I check the numbers on the kids tags dangling from

the again and of the sack: 302-3729 A.M. Yes. I am holding in my hands the second bundle of Big Bear. In the centre of this bundle is the spirit gift that gave Big Bear his name and his wisdom and his power: that being a small bear skin when he rode on a sled or climbed his way to the Thunder-belt in the Three Bears.

The bundle was given him at the farm of the Red Deer and the South Saskatchewan over. It was fitting that the last master the buffalo would ever come north to Canada, 1875-79. Big Bear and his Plains. Over that he was hunting there because that place had always been the centre of his world. Whenever he mentioned it he would the area of a smoking pipe to the four directions and point it toward the North because sometimes before 1848 the Great Plains of these came to him there and gave him the vision that shaped his entire life.

Perhaps very early one summer morning when he was a grown boy his father walked with him (you now know what he means) down the top of Red's Firehead Hill. Together they entered the thick framework and hung cloth of things on there. They placed the buffalo skull under their shelter spread the beaver skin. Then his father offered up a pipe, and left him. He saw his come over the knobby line of the Sand Hills and he kept his face facing him all day, praying for rain, crying out and raising his arms in agony when it turned he could no longer stand upright in the terrible heat of the endless summer day. Stunned to his knees, he saw his father, but he was far, he looked like the man over the plain and the single deep valley of

the South Saskatchewan and the hills folded down to the point like old blankets and his body vanished black into the white bloody image of the Red Deer and he would collapse.

On the second day he did not stand, or move. He was not hungry, it was that that threatened to bring his conviction. He did not look even at the point where the rivers disappeared, gray and grey waters and bent north and then east tonight. He wept and prayed, and at night the spirits began to come. Not one, many, but he refused them, bear spirits came but he would not listen to them any. He fasted and prayed until finally one of his accepted suffering the overlord of all bear spirits came: the Great Parent of Bear. On that canoe-traded hill Bear scooped up his way and showed it over his face, laugh like his song, and the words of it.

My wish are my knives
My claws are my knives
And told him how to make. That which is kept is a clean place," his second bundle. All his life it would be his sign that he was chosen that, under the Creator, the men powerful spirit, known to his people, had come, and would come again, to him.

More than 130 years later in a small room on the sixth floor of the Art Museum of Natural History in New York City, I hold this second bundle. I tell anthropologist Gifford that that is it, yes, and he tells me I'm welcome to look around and take any pictures I want and he'll be there. Even up there in the corner of the building the walls and floor shiver with a kind of rain, perhaps the railway barrow directly below here. I pull the bundle out in its battered sack.

It is a soft rectangle of grey-matte felt, about two feet long, 10 inches wide and four inches thick, at one end the cloth is folded in but the other hangs free. The whole thing is knit together, not with leather thong but with beaver bone. I guess that is symbolic too.

There are proper ceremonies for opening this bundle. I know and there are enough papers here (carefully labeled in drawers) and the scattered ashes of prairie people undoubtedly already provide the proper circle of belief, but I am no proper person. The bundle was to be opened only when the case was to be worn either in battle or ceremonial dance, but here there is no way to do that over my face even if I had the finest nation in which dancers to turn toward the Earth, even if I knew one single word, had other song in prayer. Though I do intend to go into battle

against all the wrongs and denied by nature of myself and my people. Having held this story in my hand.

As each opening of the bundle a new cloth was added under a thick offering, so the object is outside and the 10 layers of pressed cotton gradually brighten through shades and patterns of trader cloth to an innermost wrapping of red, yellow and black and brown and a center background, deep as if it were new. As I touch that I know I should feel something something for this having been dragged across a continent to an open-world world that cannot be created in the current darkness because here there is no sun or moon or believable air, something for my own apprehension of wanting to see that, to never have this like say what who never has enough of anything, as if it were even possible to actually have any thing except when yourself, something of a prayer to the Great Spirit who Big Bear and I also, before shaping the universe as he did for no other reason than that apparently He wanted to, some prayer. So then I unfold the second cloth.

The core of the bundle is "Chief's Son's Hand." It is a bear paw dressed out but with claws still attached, knotted and beaded, sewn into red flannel shaped like a hat. Big Bear must be up and the commandment down with the hand tied about his neck. The One believe that a person's soul comes to him at birth and rides along the back of the neck, and so wearing this claw Big Bear felt the weight of the hand against his soul. He was in the sacred perfect relationship with the Great Spirit.

Inside the nest of cloth with Chief's Son's Hand there is a short coat of tobacco and an index of beaded ornaments. The tobacco is dried but when I lift the ornaments I smell smoke.

I stayed in New York two days and when the museum was open I was up in that small room. Gifford was helpful and sympathetic. David Minkabow who brought the power bundle to the U.S. was simply a good anthropologist. He found a group of natives no one in Canada had any interest in, got himself sponsored by the American Museum and spent several summers after 1913 living on the Shude River reserves, writing his descent lists and collecting whatever Plains Cree articles he could. The thesis was published, and it instantly did provoke much valuable information on early prairie life. Gifford understood that it is a Canadian that bundle was a profound historical item, but a museum is a place that is not an emperor's repository and never goes up anything it has considered the world to get. Even if, in keeping the bundle locked inside, never displayed, it deprived a people of some his-

torical and spiritual heritage they would badly to recover. All perfectly reasonable and of course nothing public.

It was only two days and it's hard to say what I did when the museum was closed. I certainly saw Broadway play on was I lifted in the top of the Empire State Building. One night I know I walked around Times Square. Beyond the lights was a water sky but everything an event or less concrete level seemed like a machine and "detest," hammering me into present. I found an empty phone booth under a marquee

spoke with The Godfather and in about a minute I was talking to my wife, Tessa, in British Columbia.

Maybe I think I lay on the sledge bed in a room on West 45th Street. Thinking about the exchanged genomes of the flesh. About the inevitable cemetery on the Bowdoin Reservation, where the Bear was buried in January of 1916, on the spot where he gave his last Three Dance, June 16 to 18, 1914. His last free summer in chief of the River People. When he felt the weight of Chief's Son's Hand against his soul for the last time.

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RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Among other things, Melfort, Saskatchewan, is great therapy

BY JOY CARROLL

In one of those blinding flashbacks that broom in my memory built, I see myself as a fourteen-year-old in black hooded overalls and notorious woolen muffler, struggling through a prairie blizzard. I am heading carefully as the footprints of a Saskatchewan cowboy as elderly male friend of my mother's who always wintered in a north-western buffalo hotel, because after school I'd managed to cross the street to his house through the storm and now he was stuck with seeing me home.

I never doubted the outcome of our journey for a moment. Trudging along behind, a stately page to his holding King Wenceslas, yetless, moved firmly together and now slowly shattering in the Arctic air. I knew we'd make it. After all, my guide was the town built-up and my grandfather would be the town dock. My father grew the biggest, fattest dahlias for miles around (the size of wagon wheels, they were) and my mother once had the distinction of cooking for a breakfast party in a dining room of a grand design of three positions and vast tables of food to 30 more at a time. 30 men, God knows how many. My Aunt paroled fresh bread in a kitchen and broke the string with her fingers and my grandmother was a nurse. She spoke only in a house whisper due to a headshot operation in Newcastle-on-Tyne at the turn of the century. What harm could possibly come to a girl with a background like that?

Always knowing, exactly who and what you are in the legacy of a small-town upbringing. And when you are quite as I did in the age of 21, to Toronto, to make your fortune, that knowledge can become a formidable weapon. But there is another side. For wrapped around that solid inner core of security there is a cloak of great insecurity.

You may know, but will those city slickers accept who you are? Learning largely from books and movies and not from life, you can be famously gauche. And you worry. Will they find out when the first gossip holes in your facade be-

gin to show? When you forget to tap the little spoon, but sprinkle salt widely across your dinner plate, will they laugh? If you think that death awaits (for heaven's sake, I was 24 before I knew what a quarter was) from the bedrock instead of the glass, will they turn away in disgust? When your very first celebrity profile about having a cypso in her repertoire and you speculate because you think she's got some tropical disease, will they draw you out of the crowd?

I was born in Melfort, Saskatchewan, 60 miles southeast of Prince Albert and still in Dukinbrook County, a Depression child. I lived there most of my life until I was 21. When I was in public school, in the 1930s, the population was 3,000, a curious figure when you saw it posted on a road sign. Now there are 5,000 people and many changes. Melfort has a radio station, an airport, a community swimming pool, a junior centre and a spread of new housing around the edges of the town. Farmers in the area do not depend entirely on wheat, there is mixed farming now. The last time I was home, three years ago, a delegation of affluent Japanese from Tokyo was buying my beef cattle as breeding stock.

Over the years I have returned often, mostly to gather my wife after some steady business-sponsored detour and had learned my calm.

This time, I am making the journey by train, seeking to revive old memories of another continental crossing. And so, in the still night of a Toronto afternoon, I feel the tug-of-war between the slowly set, though the web of tracks that squats out from Union Station. We kick past the solid factories and the down of the shales, past slowly railroad sidings and backyards accented with all the ugly junk of urban life, and then mercifully, we are among the new deepwoods and arid expanses of Ontario's farmland.

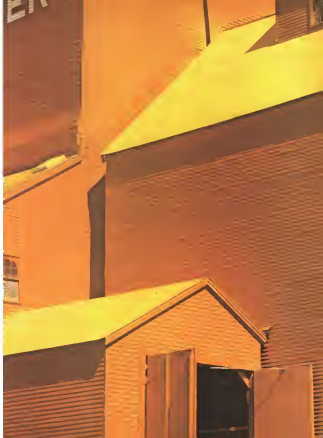
It is easy to remember the past, sitting in a train. How as children we picked wild raspberries along the Carleton Place,

filling endless peanut butter pods repaid about our waste under the hands of an old man means faster and our arms almost (it off) (not just cream produces cream), how we shyly tossed the fence duty bull locked up in his solitary dark shed. And the picture funeral of a 15-year-old girl who died of pneumonia, they said, because she wore mismatched shoes and no socks in 40-below weather. Her family was broke and my mother borrowed a white satin dress from somebody for the burial. Not even a real cry, they said, but a pine box nailed together by a neighbor. How we waited impatiently for the burning down of the old Chinese laundryman's shack. He was supposed to have VD and the fire would kill the germs. And that precocious 12-year-old with enormous braids who lured boys to the top of the water tower to "well, do it. Do what?" Some of us weren't quite sure but it sounded wicked and delicious.

Now in the Saskatoon railway station and later in a taxi, conversation turns on problems very different from the mad-dog problems in Toronto and Montreal. One here it is the weather, highway conditions, slow grain shipments and the difficulty of designing bridges. Nobody seems to talk about Canada's immigration policy, legislating abortion, American domination of the economy or the shrinking safety of our cities at night. On the train it is a crop.

Melfort is about 140 miles due north of Regina and its population is that of surrounding towns, is almost equally white. When I was a child, Melfort was not only white but WASP (a term not as use at the time, of course) and early white-story immigrants into Saskatchewan came mostly from the British Isles, Ontario and the United States. A big campaign in Britain with typically protestant pointing heavens on earth for parents (the prize was called a Home-

Joy Carroll is the author of eight novels, the latest being *The Month*.



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In the 1930s the people who counted were British or American; those days are gone

stead and you could claim 100 acres free if you could find transportation and if you cultivated the land for three years. One of these posters attracted my grandfather back on the Tyne in northern England and he emigrated to the Prairie in 1911. The following year he sent for his wife and seven of his 13 children and the family narrowly escaped passage on the Titanic.

They were only a few "outsiders" in those early days — a couple of Germans who had arrived after World War I and who had been, only a short time ago, the Klu Klux Klan — a handful of Jews, mostly store owners and some farmers plus one bearded ascetic consciously referred to as The Rabbi. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of his calling because as a child I had no idea what a rabbi did except that he killed flocks of chickens the like that, I had a mink bag. There were a few Ukrainians, farmers north of town, but all we children heard about them was their astonishing talent for producing guttingly loud howls.

Right was the 1930s the people who

owned in the town were British or American stock — the mayors, the councillors, the postmaster, the doctor, lawyers, ministers and insurers. Today, the Mayor of Maclean is Jewish. Many of the professional men are from Europe, and there is a doctor from India. They have brought with them a breath of fresh air, a glimpse of the great world.

But to me, Maclean was never dull. I didn't leave because a war had but because I had a terrible need to experience strange places and people. Life was always highly compressive, students were embroiled in academic interests, skating, ice hockey, curling, basketball, ice hockey, football, hockey, chess, the annual fair and hunting. My father competed annually every winter in the Flower Show, trying desperately to force Old Man Pigeon (a girl who had the advantage of growing his passion on a river bank) to the end.

Despite all this intense gladiatorial, the long sharp winter and the dry hot summers forced many people to read a great deal. I often read myself into stu-



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In Winnipeg, we were told, white slavers lurked in certain theatres, ready to pounce on young girls and cart them off

lugging heavy hamper of egg sandwiches and eight-oz. bottles of 8&10 in public parks. I loved parties in McElliott; my family didn't have a car and if we wanted to go out of town to picnic we were entirely dependent on a Model T Ford driven by a skeletal old man or a yellow Chevrolet with a ramble seat driven by a teenage young lady. In either case we always had veggie tomato sandwiches (which I love to this day) and ate by the dusty roadside. But that wasn't quite as pleasurable as sitting on green grass beside a fountain, at a picnic or a bed of sweet clover as we did in Winnipeg.

In Winnipeg you could live dangerously. Parents in the 1930s were obsessed with the idea that white slavers flooded the frontier in foreign children, jacking young girls at the age with an inflated hypodermic needle and carting them off to the Middle East where some shrewish child with dark skin and dirty robes would have his way with them day and night. In the north end of Winnipeg was the Beacon Theatre where they held live vaudeville shows. My cousin Erby

and I were forbidden to go to the Beacon but we snatched our tickets of parents to get there. Being extremely rebellious and wicked afterwards we ate picnic things in a delicious Chinese restaurant. No white slaver approached us, but if my uncle had got wind of the expeditions we'd have been confined to barracks for the rest of the summer.

Once I had sampled the joys of Winnipeg (at the age of one) I lived for my return. I schooled and saved all year so that in July I could follow my star to the east, some 400 miles away. My mother, always fiercely loyal to the whole idea of home, often issued a five-car rule to save train fare. Once I accompanied an unmarried couple who must have been famous when they found I had no share in hotel rooms with the woman. On another occasion I travelled with a pretty young thing in a Chinese robe but and on still another, with a solitary customer.

The truth is, I would have been almost anything to go to Winnipeg, a place where I suddenly saw real cars, real boys with the crucial tail pocket and had a second cousin who resembled in

the scale on the neck of a school. Everything had a glamorous picture for two-cent. Cass's children (15 cents) the cigarette music literature and the free canons of Thrift (a scented soap) my uncle gave me because he was juggling them at the time.

The only thing my children never did was visit St. Boniface, that French-Canadian city across the Red River. For us St. Boniface simply wasn't on the map. In our Wap-combed world, French might be tolerated but there was no way you could understand or explain them. As a child, people around me were quite capable of saying in complete ignorance, "He's very clean for a German." Or "She's a foreigner but she's home at the day." The Message of Empire had filtered down from the top and come solely to rest in the working classes.

When I came back to the west, I usually met Prince Albert, famous now because of Julia Diefenbaker and the place where I held my first important job as Women's Editor of the daily Prince Albert Herald. I count myself

lucky that while my father had his idiosyncrasies, he was a perfectionist about prison life. He cleaned up my copy but he firmly believed that he lived in the very heart of Albert's Empire.

I was worried and his career staff was female. This, he told us, lay at the root of his problems. He kept at length on the manuscript that he must have committed in some former life to make him suffer as much in that case. His name was Ted and he regularly found the whole staff, usually on a Friday afternoon. Sometimes he returned on before we could empty our desks. Sometimes he hid to the hotel across the street and looked himself on a room until casually worded with hints of pleading and crony promises of good behavior from the editorial manager.

When I think of it, I suppose he had reason to be highly sensitive. The sports editor often brought her terror to work and hid him in her typewriter. The dog had a disgusting habit of finding dead kittens and depositing them on reporters' desks. Ted hated that dog. He also hated the truck we played on him. Like wallpapering a house with made people just before he brought in the Minister of the United Church of Canada. Or our complete disappearance from the office so that the press looked as if a plague had struck which, in fact, we were consigned into the busy ladies' washroom as we could hear his explosives undisturbed. Or the solemn assurance he got that, while he had been out drinking his lunch, Churchill had had a stroke and England had surrendered and the managing editor would show him a stock-up of the special edition as the war prepared. He heard one editorial luncheon, that all the staff worked too much, that none of them drank anything but Coke. He promptly hated her that then we women were allowed into the press room but that he wasn't. I don't know what press he had committed or if he had committed one at all, but Percy the Foreman wouldn't let Ted the Editor past the press room door.

It is paradoxical that while some things have changed somewhat away things about the past remain constant. In Mexico, the red brick post office looks the same clock tower and all, but its towers have been retooled to accommodate a larger number of bookshelves. All Saints Anglican Church where I once played the organ has had a comfortable facelift, but when I attended services there on this visit I could still recognize on the stained glass window in it did 40 years ago. McElliott's water tower still dominates the skyline but I am told that children can no longer climb up the metal columns because the door is locked.

A fresh coat of sophistication bright-

ens town life; there is a cocktail lounge swapping on intimate dances around late afternoon drinkers the new caring risk has a plenty money-drinkery, those are remnants of late-night drinks, a low of face on Main Street is compensated and ornamented with meaningful paintings and ruled by a woman who speaks so multifacetedly from truth, eyes and fingers and a honey restaurant called The Station at the west of Main, 30 miles in the south, has a post-chef who dresses having doves and imported water (one winter, long ago, I used to

visit at this time, station, one night a week after teaching a class of piano students, and while I poured down the sky truck looking for the evening music, a boy called I think someone has moved dozens to help me pass the day).

My father is dead now and my brother works on the west coast, but my mother and two sons are here and going back to McElliott still seems to work for me. It is better than a psychiatrist's couch, better than Vietnam, better than being saved in still in many ways my home. ☐

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THE GREAT DOWN-EAST DIRTY-MOVIE FOLLIES

Not owning a pornograph is no handicap
BY DAVID E. LEWIS

Most of my life I've been a small-town boy I say "most," because I was in Montreal for six years, and gained 40 pounds by eating in the right French restaurants, and a shocking knowledge of sex by going to the wrong bars. The rest of my life I've lived in a small town. Thus I was unprepared to meet Jon Meyer.

Actually, I'm rather vague about how and where I did. But I'm clear on the way he wanted me to collaborate with him on a movie script.

"It'll be a takeoff on pornographic movies," he explained.

I agreed at once. Then I remembered a catty joke. "Gosh, Jon, I don't own a pornograph."

"You'll do."

I thought, of course, that he was kidding me. But he wasn't. He had a skeleton script and I read it. It's about a Russian plot to demolish Canada. They hire the biggest diamond producer in Hollywood, who is to go to Toronto and make the film. He knows even less about Canada than he does about making a movie. "Nothing up there except bananas and sex. Who, everyone knows there's no sex north of Boston."

I had always labored under the illusion that there was no sex in Boston, and said so.

"We'll use that," Jon said, and wrote it down as a subplot.

"What I want from you is background on the Canadian scene. I don't know Canada. I want you to fill me in."

"Never! You live in Canada, believe?"

He shook his head. He looked at me hopefully. "See, I'm an underdeveloped town, an undiscovered province with an untold phone number."

"We'll use that," I said, trying to sound professional.

After all, Jon had written for Jackie Gleason, Bob Newhart, Johnny Carson,

you name it. I had a column in the *Redgreen Weekly Mirror*.

Later I discovered that the government inquisition they wanted to assist them financially demanded that a certain number of Canadians be on the film credits. I was bitter that they chose me.

"We couldn't find Stephen Leacock," Jon said. "He lives in some place called Mariposa."

I discovered that my knowledge of pornography was accurate. I went down to the local drugstore, which is the nearest thing we have to a bookstore, and bought two pocket books — *My Master Was A Lesbian Sucker*, and *I Was Raped By My Adored Twin*.

I read the pocket books late at night, and in the morning I felt more secure. Anything I might write couldn't be on the level with that trash.

"I'm ready," I said to Jon.

"For what?"

"Pornography," I said blithely. "By the way, we have a third writer, Kreezy Delmar."

The name sounded vaguely familiar.

"Do you remember Fred Allen's radio prisoners? Well, he was Senator Chapman, boy, I say, boy."

"Where is he?"

"He's in Connecticut. He got that far from Florida, but he won't go any farther north. He doesn't like this cold."

I stared at him. It was August, and stifling hot. I was beginning to feel I had gone through the Looking Glass with Alice, and somehow lost her.

"What do we start on the script?"

Jon laughed. "First, we spread and mix." American slang has always puzzled me. (Once in a New York bar the gay next to me at the bar turned to a casually feminine girl and said, "Do

David E. Lewis is a fair-weather writer and author of *A Lover Needs A Gun*.

"Hear you're making a movie," the would-be actor from Newfoundland said. "Sorry," Jim replied, "we're only using Canadians"

you want to make the scene, man?"
"I better get some paper and pencils," I said with slow Nova Scotia logic.
"No rush," said Jim, and produced a quart of Oxy-Bark. "I better get some gloves and soap," I said.
After the second script, he says, "We can get Paul Lynde for \$50,000."
I had \$3.95 in my wallet.

"The producers will like some scenes," he looked at me dumbly. "You know, you have to spend money to make it."
"I've always been taught you make it and then spend it," I said.
"We can use that," he said.
I began to feel important.

Jim casually mentions Kirk and he doesn't want the Scottish shenanigans in Wellville, but Douglas I make a study of his technique.

I meet a friend on the street and say, "Samuel Clapham is visiting me next week."
"He commented with that Watergate affair?"

"He was the guy in Allen's Alley."
"I had a woman who was outraged about that," my friend confided.

I have learned one thing from Jim: Humor is universal when it is honest. He tells me anecdotes about the secret-film world of Hollywood and I tell him a story about Max Demack, who has been here more than 13 miles out of Bridgetown and that was to offend a friend.

When he tells a story about Gleson he automatically takes on the appearance of Gleson. He was on his team of writers, and once he wrote a shot about a would-be comedian trying to pick up a

rate in the porno. His mother comes in with a sandwich and a glass of milk. He motions her away. At last later she reappears, with the tray. He throws her down, and goes back to the porno and starts to pick out "M for the money change you gave me." The next day Gleson comes barging into the office, like a water buffalo, eyes bulging and yells at his head writer, "Mervin, who did it? I want to know who did it. Just give me his name!"
After we had spent several days scripting, I suggested to Jim that we really hadn't done much with the script.

"I'm thinking about a scene where Freddie calls a royal commission to decide whether Americans should be allowed into Canada to make pornography. How many states are there in Canada?"

"They're called provinces, Tim."
"We'll get Vancouver first to be chairman."

"He's the most mystical Canadian I've ever seen, except Zia Zia Onhor."
"We'll have a senator from each province. The chairman says, 'And what is the state of sex in... who's a good province?'"

"Manitoba."
"And what is the state of sex in Manitoba?"

"The Manitoba senator replies, 'Under control and baby as long as the bill is paid. Finally they send the mother home (she can't too much, but they keep the baby. It grows and grows and grows still as unique. Finally he is a young man, he has never been outside the hospital, he has no name. The hospital team him to be a male nurse. "You got me some close, lowly, please." He thanks his name is "You." The parents come visit him (they can't visit to him, so he has no name). He reaches 22 years of age. Jim gets sick. He looks at me desperately."

"That's so us in Nova Scotia?"
I get indignant. "I was born in Nova Scotia."

Marge looks at me. "I can't conceive it."
"My mother did," I counter.

"Well, one day," said Marge.
As the script progressed, so did I. I discovered that a script writer only writes when he has an idea, which sounds logical but which of late, has been causing some problems. At four in the morning, Marge taps on my bedroom door.

"The gas is here!" he announces excitedly. I think at him in sleepy comprehension.

"Get this! I would buy you a pumpkin farm, but the shipping is outrageous."

"Go back to sleep, Marge."

"It's a good bed."

"It was in 1950, too."

Word gets around that the movie director is looking for actors.

There is a knock at the door. There is an Irishman friend in full regalia — velvet waist, rubber boots, pinstripe, and

he presents us with two jobs.

"I'm usually beware of Greeks bearing gifts, but not when it's lawyers."

"Clear your mind!" a movie," he says. He introduces himself to Jim as a Newfoundland.

"Sorry, fellow. We're only using Canadians in the movie." Jim's knowledge of Canada is negligible.

"Newfoundland is part of Canada," I whisper to him.

I now became apparent that half the town had deep-sea shenanigans.

"We don't necessarily need talent," said the director "just local color."

The offer became so intense that I decided to skip the mathematics. I whispered around it with some sympathy.

We started getting applications from all over the Valley.

Meanwhile, we have reached a halfway point. Butlers are not appearing as rapidly as would be nice, but the future looks bright.

Jim, meanwhile, is working on a series of CBC scripts. He can dream up the wildest stories. At the moment he's working on one concerning a young married couple. The wife has just had a baby boy. She wants to call him Claude. The husband wants him called Bruce. Neither concedes. The husband becomes sniffling and refuses to pay the hospital bill. The hospital holds the mother and baby as hostages until the bill is paid. Finally they send the mother home (she can't too much, but they keep the baby. It grows and grows and grows still as unique. Finally he is a young man, he has never been outside the hospital, he has no name. The hospital team him to be a male nurse. "You got me some close, lowly, please." He thanks his name is "You." The parents come visit him (they can't visit to him, so he has no name). He reaches 22 years of age. Jim gets sick. He looks at me desperately."

"What are you doing with him?" he asks desperately.

"I'm going to bed, Marge."

The plotter rages. It is one of our more mature scenes.

"It is going to be a mess!" she choruses excitedly.

"I'm afraid not."

"Oh, how disappointing. I do a galloping character. Of course I'm a little rusty, but..."

"I'm afraid we couldn't work it in. But thanks for calling."

The movie director is in the kitchen talking about Otto Preminger.

And I'm supposed to be working on a novel! ☐



"But if there's no God, who changes the polluted water every day?"

If the neighbours don't serve it, move.



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With the purple label. Not yellow. Not white.
Deep rich purple. Which is very classy.
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Sun Life Representative
Loisée des Trois Maisons reminisces
about her former career as a lawyer.



"For nine years I practiced law in Montreal, and I enjoyed every minute of it.

I love negotiation, and the practice of law is really that, negotiation. It is the mark of a civilized people.

Yet I wanted to do something different. As a lawyer, I had taken many matrimonial cases, and I was acutely aware of the problems and general needs of families. And so I took the plunge and came to Sun Life.

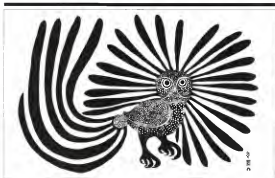
The life insurance profession has offered me a tremendous opportunity to help people by preparing them financially for life. At the same time it lets me concentrate on a group of people who have never had

the attention they deserve from insurance companies. Women. Today they are providers, they are independent dynamic forces in our society. And I intend to see that they have every opportunity to learn the benefits of life insurance.

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SunLife
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THE SOUVENIR THAT GREW UP

Eskimo art is a triumph in merchandising
BY SOL LITTMAN

When Kenogak, the Eskimo artist, drew the Arctic owl in 1956, she drew it up with a bunch of her other pieces, sketches and drawings, for his new postcard-making program. She had never drawn and certainly never had a lesson. Houston told her only to draw the "old ways" and to stick to animals, plants and people.

By the time her angry bird was unveiled she had almost forgotten the half-real, half-anything creature she had drawn, and was only dimly aware of the response that greeted her work at the south. She severely realized that each of the 50 copies of her first had been sold to Kathleen (white man) for \$50 apiece.

In fact, and the distinct admiration James Houston — an author and artist

whose *The White Raven* has recently been turned into a movie — asked her to try her hand at drawings for his new postcard-making program. She had never drawn and certainly never had a lesson. Houston told her only to draw the "old ways" and to stick to animals, plants and people.

When *The White Raven* has recently been turned into a movie — asked her to try her hand at drawings for his new postcard-making program. She had never drawn and certainly never had a lesson. Houston told her only to draw the "old ways" and to stick to animals, plants and people.

What little art they did have was basically superstitions in nature: small carved pieces — bears, seals and geese the size of a thumbnail — that served as charms to ward off evil spirits and assured animals to submit to the hunter. Shaped in ivory or the soft, local soapstone, they were carved inside one's

Sol Littman is a five-time writer, art critic and broadcaster.

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clothing or wrapped in a skin. It never occurred to the Eskimos to freeze their faces so that they could stand upright. It was the women who stained the whaling ships that invaded the Arctic in the 19th century who taught them the art of semibreast, those beautiful hair drapings carved to ivory that everyone assumes are his original Eskimo craft. Not did the Eskimos have a museum of rich visual images drawn from ancient legends. Pinotask one of the great printmakers says, "Some people saw ancient, mysterious, mysterious, but I have never seen the mysterious I saw."

In fact, many of the designs used by Canadian Eskimos may be of Siberian origin. Anthropologist Edmund Carpenter, who once taught at the University of Toronto, reports that "by a fascinating error a designer selected from the huge library of his father-in-law, an elderly anthropologist, Siberian designs and included these in a booklet on Canadian ethnic designs. The Eskimo were given this book for reference. Many Eskimo prints displayed in art galleries owe their forms to this error."

How did it all happen? By 1948, when artist James Houston first visited the Arctic to find new subject matter for his own work, it had become clear that the Eskimos were faced with transient starvation. Houston realized that the small carvings he had encountered at the Cape Dorset trading post could be marketed in the south. On his next trip to Montreal he visited the Canadian Handicraft Guild and asked the copyright organization to handle the carvings. The guild agreed to do so if he

could encourage the Eskimos to produce a steady flow of work.

In 1951, Houston journeyed to West Baffin Land to launch the program and in 1953 he returned as the civil administrator appointed by the Canadian government. For the next 30 years he lived as Cape Dorset, responsible for the welfare of Eskimo people scattered over an area of 30,000 square miles. Houston knew how to people said to foster, his wife, Alana, knew how to separate. But, above all, he succeeded in reconstituting the primitive work produced by the new industry he had created thereby making it acceptable to sophisticated buyers. "Through their prints," he once wrote, "they speak to us of legends and ancient mystical happenings of great related passages. They reveal themselves to us. Powerful thoughts have entered in their arts and crafts and songs and legends for thousands of years." The story, spontaneous quality of Eskimo art represents one of man's furthest expressions. From halibut fish skin language carved Eskimo art from the stone center into the art museum.

Hunger and hunger were the Eskimo's expression rather than an object used to express tribal memories. There was little that was ancient, primitive or ancestral in the Eskimo's art and what they comprised the original shipmen, designed for sale to gift shoppers. There are also those who doubt Houston's charming story of how print-making began in Cape Dorset. Houston writes:

"Ochawawak, a famous Eskimo carver, sat near the one existing car-



authentic.



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Exposition held throughout
the world for over 40 years.

In 1846, John Dewar was
the first to produce
a spirit named at
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Perth, Scotland.

Special, because the single
whiskies are not changed by being
shipped together in one. We let
them rest quietly awhile, so that the
blend will have greater authority
and more dependable consistency.

In the Scotch city, on the banks
of the River Tay, nothing much has
changed. The water is still there,
and every year, from January to
December, when the air is still and
pure and the water is cold, the people
of Perth make Dewar's Scotch Whisky.

Sam Thomson Dewar looked for new
markets in the 1850s. He was
the first to use a bagpipe in
advertising. (The first occasional
use of music.)

Mr. Thomson Dewar became
famous for such
advertising as, "The eagle and
the lion, don't write
and fear no woman."

All good reasons
to consider:

**Before you
say Scotch,
say Dewar's.
It never varies.**

DISTILLED, MATURED
AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND



The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of
John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.

Eskimo drawings are hardly masterpieces; they are a mixture of Eskimo vision, white man's techniques, and Japanese style

ally analyzing the earlier head trademarks on two identical packages of cigarettes. He noted carefully every subtle detail of color and form, and he suggested to me that I must be very lenient for some person to sit and paint every one of the little heads with exact symmetry on an endless number of packages.

"Looking around in order to find some way to demonstrate printing. I saw at once, without risk that Oshiwotok had actually carved. The white ink was used of 15 inches long. Oshiwotok had carefully smoothed and polished it and had incised bold engravings on both sides. Into the lines these engravings he had rubbed black soot gathered from a seal or lamp.

"Taking an old bit of writing ink that had frozen and thawed many times. I dipped up the heavy black mud and smoothed it over the ink. Taking a thin piece of white tissue. I laid it carefully on the inked surface and rubbed it lightly and quickly. Stripping the paper from the ink. I saw that by good fortune we had a clear negative image of Oshiwotok's intended design.

"We could do that," he said. And so we did."

In the spring of 1908, the first series of prints, by a dozen artists, was shown at the Bradford Shakespeare Festival. The whole exhibit sold. In the past 10 years, the price of these new prints, originally about \$10, has doubled. The value of older prints, especially those of the early Series and the late Series, has risen astronomically. It is difficult to say whether these prints are justified. The art market is confused and unpredictable. In deals in oil-paint, described as "prints" and with prices that have no relationship to the cost of materials, the case of Eskimo art, crude drawings have been converted into interesting prints—but they are hardly impressions. They have charm, ambiguity and a unique viewpoint, but they are what they are—a curious mixture of Eskimo vision, white man's techniques, and Japanese materials and style.

Edmond Carpenter's judgment is even more severe. "Eskimo stone art was made for use, and by and by, and by Westerners. Having de-

prived him of his heritage, and even the memory of his heritage, we offer him a substitute which he eagerly accepts. For no other is permitted. And so he takes his place on stage side by side with the American Indian, whose headgear comes from a small order catalogue, who learned his dances at Deerland, and picked up his philosophy from hippies."

What is it in the troops, they and the cash for every carving and drawing, and the Eskimo artist seems content. Dorothy Ellet, who writes frequently on Eskimo art, recalls a visit with the aging Phoolah. "Two years ago at our first meeting, she sat on the floor and drew as we talked; now she sits on a couch, there is a telephone on the wall and across the room is a bowl of plastic flowers."

The Eskimo world and Eskimo art are changing rapidly. All manner of dirt change may happen as different transformations the Arctic. Like the other face the whole the confusion and the rest, Eskimo art will find survival difficult. Perhaps, just before its extinction, it will glow at its brightest. □



HOMER SLEPT HERE

As a matter of fact, he still does
BY ROY MacSKIMMING

We took apart theirs before we built ours.

When very proud to announce our new line of Toshiba turntables, designed to match listening excellence with any musical taste.

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I stand here in a strange breed. I am not how to explain it but I feel full of a very special and private kind of an island, probably small, white and warm from modern existence. A little machine, however, he is Greek Polytechnic, Spanish, Spanish or Canadian.

But more my interest was for it. My wife and I have watched children play from our island post—Pon, Pon, Pon, in the distance. Can, Cora, Cora, in the distance. We could see a small cluster of white buildings at the water's edge, surrounded by trees, dark—broken by glimmering light, high above, evidently on a hill. There was a sense, in that early age, of blackness, of terrible mountains all around. The evidence of human habitation seemed precarious, doubtful. Homer's grave would have been a lonely one.

Instead of digging, we sat at anchor while a small underdog came from shore to take us off. Our four-year-old didn't back as he was passed from his mother to me, then the choppy sea into the rolling, rolling boat.

Once on shore, we felt the usual discomfort of arriving at a strange port where there's no one to meet you. No one, that is, except the remnants of people who were there before. After dragging off a couple of these—our

patches interested in us—quite a few. They went leaping on back packs or stretched out on the hot sun on their sleeping bags—tanned kids, tanned skin, and tanned from modern existence. We were not a little surprised when we first met a Spaniard. Now, having turned 10, we were an elderly aunt by our own count and our own count.

At 10, I was, and sleep was absorbed by the island's dark shores as we moved into the deep, narrow bay. At the center and a few lights burned. We could see a small cluster of white buildings at the water's edge, surrounded by trees, dark—broken by glimmering light, high above, evidently on a hill. There was a sense, in that early age, of blackness, of terrible mountains all around. The evidence of human habitation seemed precarious, doubtful. Homer's grave would have been a lonely one.

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Instead of digging, we sat at anchor while a small underdog came from shore to take us off. Our four-year-old didn't back as he was passed from his mother to me, then the choppy sea into the rolling, rolling boat.

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This captures eternity, in a single frame.

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So far it's still off the tourists' agendas

path. The bus ride is the usual last-minute event on the edge of prospects, and the donkeys are well, donkeys, so I recommend walking. It doesn't take money or orange juice status.

Once attained the town is appealing, which is just as well since there are no others on the island. It's the true Cycladic type, whitewashed, fortress-like—almost an abstract composition seen from the outside, and from the inside a labyrinth of narrow, twisting streets in a pattern descended directly from the Minoans.

Though quietly inhabited, Ios is said to have a church for every day of the year and some of them can be found within the town, sharing common walls with houses and shops. The churches are small, more like chapels than the spectacular white sharpness of domes and spires. Well-tended and evoked, they have the effect of delightful musings. One has a dome painted sky blue to crown its whiteness. We are closer in the courtyard of another, where a restaurant had been allowed to set out tables.

The food on Ios—both in town and at the port—is predictable, consisting heavily of souvlaki (pink kebabs), moussaka (a pie of minced meat and aubergines) and roast chicken. But one highlight is the white lamb this Tassos, a body restaurant, serves on a spit every night outside in the past. And up on the town there is a superb bakery where you can purchase inventive concoctions of honey, raisins and figs or chocolate and orange.

In a place of such ancient mystery it was startling to find three or four shops in close to anything in Athens. One boarded silverware has taken over a ground-floor farmhouse, a wonderful mass of high ceilings and wooden beams which he uses as a store and workshop combined hammering out his neckties, rings and earrings while Vivaldi plays in stereo. Another boutique called Bib ("because it sounds nice in all languages," the proprietress explained) sells only one thing—is one line of cotton shirts and dresses made and dyed on the island.

The presence of these shops isn't a sign that Ios is being developed for the middle-class tourist trade—at least not yet. Rather it means that some young Athenian craftsmen have identified a market in the one distinct group that Ios has attracted so far: the young foreigners, who travel dark class and sleep on benches to save money for the important things, such as wine and grass, or handmade jewelry and clothes.

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And everything is made by a superb craftsman, fuel-injected engine, 44 consistently delivers over 40 miles to the gallon using its rack-and-pinion transmission.

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THE AUDI FOX.

THE MAN WHO CAME TO KILL MISS GRUNDY

By John Hofman

Sometimes it's the frustration of walking into a British Columbia liquor store and finding that you are "precluded" from buying just about every good French or Canadian wine in existence. Or it's living in Quebec and trying to find a hospital with an active referral certificate for legal abortion. For Gerald McNeil, back in January, 1974, the last straw came when the Nova Scotia Board of Censors banned *Last Tango in Paris* presumably on the grounds of "obscenity" (presumably, because censors never give reasons for their decisions).

For years, like most Canadians, McNeil had docilely accepted any amount of ridiculous, red tape and stranglehold regulations that the provincial and federal governments heaped down. This time something snapped: "dammit, he ought to be dead, I don't need a bunch of do-gooders telling me what I can see at the movies, don't anybody care about civil liberties in this country? The same board had earlier banned Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*. McNeil was furious. He's proud of being a Nova Scotian and, in addition to simply wanting the adult freedom to see movies of his personal choice, he takes anything that reinforces the idea of Nova Scotia as some provincial, insularized backwater. He was, at the time, editor of the *Halifax Four Press*, and he waged an energetic, but ineffective, editorial campaign against the board and censorship in general. The board was annoyed. That's when he decided to do an almost unheard-of thing: without notice, or court, simply as a private citizen, he would challenge the censors.

Initially McNeil had sought to have the board reconsider the banning of a film that many critics and filmgoers regarded as one of the year's best, a film shown without cuts in all other Canadian provinces and, moreover, already acquitted of obscenity under Canadian law following a trial in Manitoba. The board continued to ignore him. I know, in the unreasonable security of its collective mind, why was the *Halifax Four Press* and who was the newspaper. When it did reply to McNeil, in its own sweet time and considered way, he was told, in effect, "Back off! Rebuffed and provoked, he resorted from appealing the board's judgment to enlisting it in court. It was no longer a question of one film but all films, and of principle, this time he would challenge the constitutionality of the Nova Scotia Board of Censors—and, by direct implication, the legal position of censors in all other provinces.

His argument was simply that there is no constitutional provision for any body or group, other than courts of law, to define or judge obscenity, and there is no other legal basis for repulsing the content of films. When a film is cut or banned (Ontario has examples, cut 134 films but just passed a ban on) by provincial censors it is obvious they find it offensive in some way. But offensiveness is not a crime. A



film is either obscene as defined by the Criminal Code, or it is not.

It took McNeil 14 months and cost him \$15,000 to win even the right to press his case against the censors in the Nova Scotia courts. Robert Macrae, his young, aggressive lawyer, had had to argue his way through a maze of minor legal technicalities all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada just to establish McNeil's right as a private citizen to challenge provincial censorship laws. Three other provinces—Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta—sent lawyers to argue before the Supreme Court on Nova Scotia's behalf indicating a new impetus for the "obscenity."

On May 31, Chief Justice Brian Dickson, speaking for the full nine-member court, noted that none of the provinces opposing McNeil disputed that he had acted as a substantial constitutional issue. The court therefore ruled McNeil had an arguable case and provided the right to proceed.

The next round of legal proceedings began in mid-September in the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, and McNeil estimates that costs may easily run \$15,000 this time. He has virtually no money for this kind of enterprise, though on the night following the Supreme Court decision the National Press Club in Ottawa (where McNeil now works as a Canadian Press reporter) held a \$50-a-plate dinner to help him out and raised \$4,500. But over \$1,500 has been received through unsolicited donations to a trust account (Cenopsis Fund, Box 812, Dartmouth, NS). "It's really the money more than anything that worries me," McNeil said. "It would take years and years to ever pay off something like \$25,000 in legal fees and other costs."

Which brings up another issue that Canadians should be considering with who should as ordinary citizens such as Gerry McNeil have to bear the cost of fighting an injustice that offends all Canadians. This is no snark, no irony, pushing some frivolous and inconsequential private grudge—the Supreme Court decision should be proof enough of this. This is a significant constitutional question which the government of Canada should probably be answering on its own. But as it now stands, if some day we are free of worldwide attention in this country, it will be largely due to the efforts of this one man.

Should McNeil win, and we should know that by October or at the latest next January (depending on whether or not it ends in Nova Scotia or goes to the Supreme Court of Canada on final appeal), the entire process of censoring films in Canada will be radically changed. There will be no more provincial capping and pruning and banning. The courts will rule on what is or is not obscene. The decisions of the courts may be repulsive, especially to those of us who believe adults should be able to see what they want, but at least it would be constitutional. Ideally, of course, there would be no restrictions, and Canadians would do some growing up, which, as every poll on censorship taken in this country shows—they have every willingness to do.

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... WHO'S THE FOREMOST OF THEM ALL? YOU, MORTY

By Barbara Aniel

When I first read Thomas Hüther's description of man's life as "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short" I thought he was talking about writers. The price for belonging to the exclusive club of published authors was, I thought, to exist in a dimension of private confusion, unmarked, unagitated, with period and perfection at one's elbow.

Not necessarily. The last few years have seen the emergence of a new class of writers — they may be academics, journalists, talk-show hosts or bookish players — who write meditation books in their spare time with varying degrees of competence. It's a modest Canadian epiphany that has caused some real writers to cautiously compare the current practice of being in print with that of a BA degree.

The negative affect of the meditation epiphany is obvious: quality books knocked off by part-time authors breed cynicism in the buying public and bookstores. Neither does it do much for the industry except when publishing a book has the cachet and accountability of a LIP grant. Students of music in a community college seemed amazed that my topical meditation book could find a publisher regardless of such criteria as original research or style.

But there have been positive effects too: journalists such as Charles Taylor, Jonathan Manthey and Walter Stewart have established themselves with thoughtful, subtly researched books. Such personalities as Peter Gzowski, Merle Shain and Jane Butler have proved that Americans haven't quite cornered the market on best-selling trivia. And equally important, successful meditation is increasingly the publisher's source of seed money for books by serious fiction writers.

One source of seed money may well be Marion Shulman's *Coconut* (Penguin & Whitehorn, \$4.95). Shulman, by training a doctor, by profession a professional Member of Parliament, and by inclination an activist, is already the author of one best seller, *Anyone Can Make A Million*. For *Coconut*, an account of his four years as Metro Toronto's Chief Coconut, Shulman says he received an advance of \$16,500. That's every indication the book will make that kind and more — even if it's bought only by the frenzied acquaintances and lovers of the people Shulman rants on in it.

Shulman, who was fired from his coconut's job in 1983, certainly has the contention touch. He is the kind of fortunate man that idlers tell all conspiracy theorists. He makes for easy, punchy writing and for a curious mesmerizing effect: the reader keeps turning the page, if only to marvel at the breath-taking facility with which Shulman resolves another complex issue. Talking of mass abortion laws at the mandatory use of breastplate tests (both of which Shulman takes some credit for) he discusses opponents of these measures in the low commoners' generally via their speaking of serious who believe that God dwells in hollow areas when everyone knows he lives in the Holy Trinity.

A work of more specific weight is Lisa-Rose Batcherman's first book, *The Swastika And The Maple Leaf* (Pit-



coy & Watrous, \$9.95). Dr. Becherman, a labor arbitrator and member of the Ontario Human Rights Commission, has written a readable, well-documented account of the fascist impulse in Canada during the Thirties. This is polemical history, which by definition describes rather than analyzes the unpleasant antics of the blondhirts, silverhairs and blackbarns in Canada.

It's a happy circumstance that makes it possible to characterize the activities of Canadian fascists as "unpleasant action" when their European counterparts were engaged in respectable, unblemished evil. For all its shortcomings, the Canadian temperament and climate weren't conducive to hardcore fascism. This isn't to damn who suffering there was: Quebec Jews faced by the appalling 90 Jews allowed entry in Louisiana resorts only had their pain exacerbated by the normality of the society about them.

Dr. Becherman uses the book to make a case for her special interest, group that legislation. Though she and her supporters are clearly well intentioned, I still find it difficult to conceive of any legislation that would prohibit such people from giving nasty generalizations about Jews while leaving others free to point nasty generalizations about Americans. While I could easily do without either kind of that, I still prefer to live in a society that will suffer both.

Roger Croft's book *Servants: A Doctor Of Canadian Stock* (Copp, \$6.95) might have given Canadian fascists powerful reinforcement. A disproportionate number of stories in it are British. Not having done the necessary research I have to conclude that this is either (a) pure coincidence, or (b) the Canadian establishment protects its own by promoting minorities more vigorously at (c) an embarrassing production on the part of members of my people to defend the public.

Croft had a blue chip career as a journalist that included work on the *London Economist* and various Canadian business publications. In 1973 he took up with Montreal stock promoter Irving Kott. By 1974 Kott's empire collapsed, including in a number of stock fraud conspiracy charges, and Croft returned to journalism.

Perhaps unfortunately, Croft makes no reference to the Kott affair. His book deals with old stock frauds including Atlantic Acceptance Corporation Ltd., the Wandell affair (George and Viola MacMillan) and Bernard Canfield. Investors Overrun Services. Many of the book's news have been extensively written about elsewhere in clearer and more thoughtful terms. It's a shame, because readers in the financial world say Croft has an extraordinary sense for the stock market.

Confined to some of the other fallout of the current real-estate explosion, these three books are far enough, but I still hope once the newly worn old and being "between covers" becomes a commonplace, non-written say such new challenges, leaving the field to those who have something interesting to say and one say it convincingly well.

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GET OUT THERE, AL, AND MAKE 'EM LAUGH

By Ron Base

Once during the shooting of a CBC drama, the American character actor Steven Onizuka said to Al Waxman: "You're good, Al. You're hungry, and that's good!" Waxman has been hungry for a long time, a little hunger, perhaps, showing up in his way into some sort of role in the Canadian business. He's acted, written, directed and produced for the theatre, radio, television and the movies. Now at 40, after 27 years, he's learned to be hungry without looking so desperate that he's taken the guy across the desk out of the room. The hunger has made him successful most, for the first time, is about to make him well known in the Canadian public.

This month Al Waxman became King Of Kensington, a 13-week CBC television situation comedy series created by executive producer-director Perry Rosenzweig. Canada had never been very high on the CBC's list of priorities, but having watched while U.S. television developed situation comedy to the point of becoming a major art form, the CBC has decided that the Canadian public must laugh (and not just react, but twice). After King Of Kensington finishes its run, it will be replaced by yet another comedy series, this one about an animal-walk instructor in Canada played by British comedian Fintona Howard.

Laughter, however, is not a commodity easily come by. So does chef Kelly Hendel, looking for someone with experience in producing television comedy, hired Perry Rosenzweig back from Hollywood where, among other things, he had been directing episodes of *Grand Theft Auto*. Rosenzweig developed the idea of a Jewish variety stars owner, Larry King, who dishes out the best of everyone's business and tries to solve their problems in the midst of the national melting pot area in Toronto known as Kensington Market. A pilot episode was produced and aired last year but Rosenzweig was not happy with the actor playing the lead. He had known Al Waxman since the Fifties and Waxman, Rosenzweig decided, would make a perfect Larry King.

"There's nothing Al doesn't do with dignity," Rosenzweig says. "He doesn't lie, he doesn't read a script and give the writer like praise. And there's a chip on his shoulder, he's got a grumpy people. He doesn't change with people, doesn't talk to people differently depending upon who he's with. And that's what Larry King has to be."

In an early episode of the series, Larry King confronts his mother's racism:

King: "Ma, you're prejudiced. Don't you understand the only thing that made this country great is people? Don't forget if Canada didn't let people in, you'd still be in Poland."

Ma: "You call me prejudiced... let me tell you something my dear son... when your father and I came to this country some people used to call us kikes!"

King: "What people called you kikes?"

Ma: "The Italians."

Like King, Waxman is Jewish, Israeli and overweight. In fact, he was born in the Kensington Market area and spent his first seven years there until his improved somewhat for



his parents, owners of the Midland Lunch, and the family moved "up the hill." He remembers playing in the streets of Kensington, delivering milk to his aunt's house. About that time he got turned in to acting by, of all people, Al Waxman. Well, maybe not so much John as Larry King. Waxman saw *The John Henry* 27 times on his own account, which may have been inflated a bit by the passing years. In fact, he remembers immediately, "I could imitate John better than Paris." His father died when he was 10 and his stepfather, in order to get his son out of his school, agreed to allow him to take acting lessons. At the age of 13 he was appearing on Saturday morning kids' radio shows. At 18 he was playing roles in summer stock while attending university.

He didn't really start to get hungry though until after he had studied under the guru of method acting, Lee Strasberg. "I thought it was that I was Strasberg was more interested in encouraging a 'big experience'," said after he had lived in New York, London and Hollywood and acted in three films, what he calls "the Walpurgis" role. It was the insignificance of those parts, coupled with a desire to emulate Carl Foreman, who directed him in *The Victims*, that led him to the realization that it was more fulfilling to make films than to act in them.

He came back to Canada, directed a commercially successful short and then in 1970 wrote, produced and directed a feature film called *The Crowded Hours*. It was a disaster artistically and financially. The experience left Waxman shaken and depressed, and he quit acting. But his hunger remained strong and he pulled himself together, directing television episodes, industrial films and commercials. Last year he went back to direct a Quebec soft-core porno movie called *My Private Life*. He starred *The Happy Hooker*, Xavier Hollander. The subject of *Flowers* seems to contradict his statement — though he denies that it does — but he is realistic about it.

"The picture was made for only one reason, to make money. To the extent it achieved that, it was a success. I don't do anything now that isn't gonna be a hit. And I don't care money, I need dollars."

Even as he prepares to play King Of Kensington, Waxman works on two film scripts, directs a commercial, plays a small film role. The hunger has made him a head-nosed genius, he calls himself "a survivor."

"I'm always going to be hungry but without going to despair. I mean at one time I used to be afraid to go to the beach because there was no phone." But now? "I couldn't be happier. I seem to be getting it all together. The thing I'm happy about is knowing I'm press is involved in both acting and directing. That facility is so important but even more important are my wife and two kids. There was a time when I was one of those guy who said, 'my mother was first and my family second.' But now my family comes first and my career is better far it."

Al Waxman sits back and smokes. He looks well fed.



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O BRAVE NEW STRATFORD, THAT HAS SUCH VIGOR IN IT

By David McCaughy

Until this year the Stratford Festival, Canada's largest and best-known theatrical enterprise, had been filling theater and further into artistic debate. The festival, which likes to call itself "Canada's national theater," was presenting poorly acted, badly directed, and badly reviewed productions. The current Shakespeare productions were clearly aimed at a critically astute, discerning summer season crowd eager to seek out culture. Joan Gasco had been artistic director of the festival for seven years, as a director he was economically responsible for a stunning production, but the festival went into debt on his own. Stratford didn't come along in reflecting the excitement in Canadian theatre that was developing elsewhere during that period. While the physically and artistically enhanced Gasco announced his departure there was a general sigh of relief and hopes for a vibrant Stratford were reborn.

It was assumed that when the festival's board of directors went searching for Gasco's replacement they would seek out someone from the class of regional theater across the country, but after looking over the domestic crop the board finally chose Robin Phillips, a Briton.

Phillips' appointment as the festival's new artistic director brought with it a new vision, one many who considered the choice an insult to Canada's burgeoning theatre community. The *Canadian Theatre Review* reflected a large body of opinion when it editorialized: "It's an appointment which, if nothing else, is at least historic, no other country in the world has a foreigner named its national theatre." There were those who demanded the appointment be withdrawn. The festival's board had interviewed a couple of Canadian theatre packaging Phillips, who carefully observed: "I may be just a stopgap while young Canadian directors develop methods which aren't quite there yet." Phillips, now 34, left behind an acting career in England (*The Forsyte Saga*, *David Copperfield*) and a daunting career that included *West End* hits and a famous innovative production of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* for the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Still, those were those who doubted his credentials and reportedly doubted he could train Stratford actors, but when he asked them to let him try for just one season — 1975 — it was obvious that Phillips was not to transform the festival. He created what he called the "Young Company," bringing to Stratford some of the most talented actors from across the country, such people as Jackie Burroughs, Gile Goren, Nehemia Persell and Max Audenize. The Young Company worked under Phillips' direction at the Avon. Stratford's management board, which has been groping for its identity since it was taken over by the festival. He announced that he would make the festival's first theatre more integrated to their operations, thus taking away some of the emphasis indirectly placed on the 2,250-seat Festival Theatre.

"We have to find ways to show Shakespeare with a modern audience," Phillips says. "We want to do Shakespeare in a way — and have the audience look in and say, 'Aren't the



Crown Jewels wonderful? Stratford is not an exhibition. It is a home of art, relevant theatre." He proved his point with the two Shakespearean productions he did with the Young Company at the Avon (which at Stratford was an unconventional move since Shakespeare had previously belonged exclusively to the Festival Theatre).

Both productions are intriguing, witty and sophisticated — an altogether new approach to Shakespeare at Stratford. He moves the plays forward in time, thoughtfully extracting and developing fresh humor and pathos, but retaining, always, the language as the predominant feature. *The Comedy of Errors* is set in the West of the 18th century (the production did tour western Canada last winter). The story is dominated by a huge covered wagon, and the cast bursts into singing song on numerous occasions. Phillips produces *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* with elegant, airy precision; there's a touch of nihilism in the background (and one character who's a dead singer for Robert Redford). On the Festival stage Phillips personally directs a splendid *Measure for Measure* set in Elizabethan Vienna; he emerges, beautifully, to pull out exciting new scenes in the cabaret-style play. Also at the Festival stage is British director David Hare's production of *Twelfth Night*, given a more modern interpretation, but nonetheless lively and delightful. These four productions represent a refreshing break from the old Stratford and its pompous, costume-pageant approach to Shakespeare. Unfortunately there's still a lingering taste of the old Stratford — William Hart's production of *Antony and Cleopatra* and last of spectacle and lacking emotional depth. And in the title role, longtime Stratford leading lady Pat Galloway gives a stiff, posturing performance, the sort that will hopefully soon be brushed from Stratford.

Phillips' success has not gone unnoticed; the festival hasn't received such a string of critical raves in years. *International American* critic Civa Burton visited Stratford in the summer and wrote, "No theatre company has changed so much in one year. Mr. Phillips has worked wonders." It seems, based on early reviews that Canada's top theatre has been stirred from the life of torpor into a theatrical workshop.

If Phillips has failed in all, at least in finding and preserving Canadian plays. And if it is failure, it is one that he shares with his predecessors. For years the Canadian theatre community has been preoccupied about the lack of Canadian drama at Stratford. Even before he arrived Phillips vowed to do something about that, but so far he hasn't. Only one Canadian production, Michael York's *Following*, is featured this season. Doubtless because he's a foreigner, Phillips will have to rectify this situation or face heavy — and in some ways, justified — criticism.

He may even find himself, come misty morning, on the banks of the Avon, crossing scenes with west coast director John Jenkins, who was so impressed when Phillips' appointment to Stratford was announced that he immediately challenged him to a duel.

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TELL US THAT YOU LOVE US, ELVIS P.

By Heather Robertson

Riva. Elvis is queuing. Elvis Presley is going to be singing, live, in person, in the flesh, not as Nashville or Vegas or Hollywood but just across the border in Niagara Falls, New York, and I, a humble singer/songwriter, I saw him sing *Blue Suede Shoes* on the Dorsey show 20 years ago. I am being offered a ticket. I can hardly believe it. Elvis. The King, singing in Niagara Falls, New York, that dusty backwater? I feel a mixture of apprehension. Is he stopping? Are the rumors true? Can Elvis be far, done in at last not by speed or snark or sex but by a valiant of old-fashioned love?

I am tempted to not go, to leave antedated the memory of that fat boy on the white suit and groovy pompadour, sneering and sneaking on the TV screen to the beat of our pulsating thrills. But great moments are not to be missed.

The concert is so old-fashioned, a huge outdoor dome. Capacity is 16,728 and it's a sellout. I'm on the ground floor about half-way back. It seems like half a mile. People start coming an hour and a half before show time, married women mostly, with their husbands, some with their kids, plus, whole women in their thirties with thick warts and fat men bulging out of drip-dry work 'n' wear polo shirts. Alcohol has turned into T-bone T-bone cuts, hearts with lots of makeup and jewelry, all dolled up, waiting down the aisles like gossams, their husbands, dapper confirmed men in ascot, shuffling along embarrassed and inadequate. Middle America, straight, square, hardly a part of it was in the place, and something else strange, not as black face New York, not much.

Heavenly public Cracker Jacks and "cassidy pop," and a dairy fat ones in brown sticks (flop justly Elvis screams from the stage). At 8:30 p.m. the fat men start, "Soldiers boys, the show's gonna start." The lights go down and the first act comes out, three black boys in floppy white jumpsuits who sing for a long time not very well and jump around a lot. Then an aging third top comes with a lot of old jokes and three wildly gyrating black women who sing the hooker hit. *Peaches-and-cream over her nose, or not?* The crowd is bored, indifferent. Then this intermission — not here, no Elvis and I'm getting depressed.

But this crowd begins to change. Women are getting restless, time, passing curiously up and down the aisles with their cameras and binoculars. "Last time he came in over them," whispers the guy next to me, pointing his binoculars at a big steel door to the left of the stage. "The place was dark and when they opened the door the sunlight streamed in. God, it was like the second coming of Christ." Suddenly the house goes dark. Flooding in a tiny bubble of white light the band arrives up the trumpet fanfare and drum roll from *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. The sound is deafening. At the second roll the women are on their feet, on the chairs, screaming. My heart is in my mouth, my hands sweaty. A third fanfare, a fourth, beyond the limit of endurance, they dance. No Elvis. The spotlight moves across the stage. The screens are peevish, impatient. Then a small, dark figure in a



white cowboy cut, shoulders out, struts in from behind an amplifier to the right of the stage. A great primal scream. My God, it really is him. "He looks good!" shouts the guy next to me.

He opens with C. C. Rider, sharing the words through his nose, left thigh moving with that funkier rock rhythm. He tosses the song off casually, hardly pretending to play the guitar, lining the beat half way through, slowing around. Then the low opening notes of *Love Me Tender*, a song which takes me to snare. I strain out of my seat, my eyes riveted on that white figure crouching around the stage, turning his back, bumping and grinning with rock swagger.

He takes the white scarf from around his neck, wipes the sweat off his chest, and tosses it into the mob of women stretching their arms toward him at the foot of the stage. A wild scream. A member of the band draped a blue scarf around his neck. Another chorus, another wipe with the scarf across his forehead, and into the crush of women. The song ends. Elvis' voice is thin and hoarse, drowned out by the band and the black chorus. It's incredible, a gross baroque. The King of rock is doing a shanty shagbush, throwing his voice at his feet, trying to be heard off. The answer from the songs rumbles through my ears, straining my nerves. Elvis is hooked in shifting red and purple light, thousands of flashlights go off in sheets of summer lightning. It's not a concert, it's a performance, an addiction, a genuine blood stain.

I am transfixed by this dancing white figure in the blackness, fused to his words, assembled beneath the screens, entranced by every prototype gesture. He seems very ordinary, very human, frail and alive. I think about Bobby Kennedy on a stage like this and it suddenly flashes across my mind "Somebody is going to shoot him." It seems the appropriate, almost necessary response, the ultimate gesture of love. Suddenly Elvis steps singing and calls for the headlights to go up, they don't. Everyone calls around on stage for a moment. "Forget it, it's okay," says Elvis. Then he greets to the stage, fat on his back. The crowd is on the chairs with a single scream. "What's the matter?" shrieks the guy next to me. Then Elvis is up, crouching, laughing, starting another song.

He even baroque his own assassination. What else can he do? In the movie *Nashville* the singer who plays a night club star. What do you do when you've been on top 20 years? If he takes himself seriously, he'll become an unattractive parody. Besides, nobody really wants to hear him sing, we want to see him. After his entrance, everything is downhill. Elvis is just a country singer, peevish, jowly, old, but country music is in and Elvis is a legend. He's still got sass and brass and cheek. He knows who he is. Elvis is rock and Elvis is sex but Elvis is mostly human. You don't have to get elected President where you can be King. Nobody says that his kind of men happens in forest. Not Elvis. Not when he laughs at himself. And laughs at us.



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